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EDITED BY

CLARENCE J. HOWARD,

AUTHOR OF

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NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

In compiling the present little volume, the editor has endeavored to cater for every variety of taste, and to embody in one collection a selection of prose and poetical recitations suitable for all times and occasions. In selecting from the various sources at his command, it was deemed advisable to have the humorous element predominate, but great care has been taken to intersperse throughout the volume a number of serious and pathetic recitations from the pens of the best authors.

HOWARD'S RECITATIONS.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A LAUGHABLE RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry, to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks) an' it's mysel, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive soon'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was a granehorn not to be lavin' at 'onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter-man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' looking off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and

says kind o' shcared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore; and I, misthrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Holy fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stich was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenesest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin'; an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or a smitch o' whiskers on him, and his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dying you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, and he grinnin an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen and he a-atin' wid drumsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayter proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water,

an' afore I could hinder squrrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind, that haythin would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be payling anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more 'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what should it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shuprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the misus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I.

"It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she; and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché, boy, whoa.
No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise:

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground—
Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed—
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed, if ever for life you would speed;
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire;
And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore;
While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years ;
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse,
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God, without word, or one word of command,
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows;
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth
rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles!—a dim distant speck—
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,

But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher;
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left, then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santa Fé
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown;
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,

And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her, and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now, as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove
her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos—I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then, just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

Sell Paché,—blind Paché? Now, mister, look here,
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
For the ways they were rough and Camanches were
near;

But you'd better pack up! Curse your dirty skin!
I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.
Do you men that make boots think an old mountaineer
On the rough border born has no tum-tum at all?
Sell Paché? You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
Now pack up your papers and get up and spin,
And never look back. Blast you and your tin!

BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL.

A LUDICROUS RECITATION. MARK TWAIN.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man"—not in his own quarrel, to be sure, but in defence of a stranger beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet, whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and had been a very Warwick in politics. When he died there was great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broken his neck, and after due deliberation, the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of death "by the visitation of God." What could the world do without juries?

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal and fire company flags

were hung at half-mast, and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform and bring their machines duly draped in black.

Regretful resolutions were passed and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was appointed to call on a minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committee-man, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said, in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh and a half sob Scotty rejoined:

"Why, you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought may be you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got the rights of it, and you're the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You rather hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that card. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've rather got the bulge on me. Or may be we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me

and I don't smoke you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to rout out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but now I grope. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause and more reflection. Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yourn is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful, but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," said he. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp, parson."

"O! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind me snuffling a little, becuz we're in a power of trouble. You see one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throw'd up the sponge, you know."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return? Well, I reckon not. Why, pard, he's *dead!*"

"Yes, I understand."

"O, you do? Well, I thought may be you might be getting tangled once more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"*Again!* Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No. Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't know no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I know'd him by the back; and when I know a man like him I freeze to him—you hear *me*. Take him all around, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever know'd Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know; it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of hard world after all, ain't it? But, pard, he was a rustler. You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? *He* didn't give a continental—for *any*body. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cram down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now, if we can't get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box with a biled shirt and a plug hat on—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There will be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want you just 'scape out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. One's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, *he* warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic; but it didn't make no difference about that when it came down to what man's right was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic boneyard and started to stake out town lots in it, he went for 'em, and he cleaned 'em, too! I was there, and seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was entirely defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge any allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had

he ever been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw, you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and everybody said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner in the other, sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had the riot all broke up and prevented nice before anybody had a chance to strike a blow. He was always in for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon, and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply!' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling than any man in seventeen coun-

ties. Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion, a man that would offer personal-violence to his mother, ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a-drivin at was that he never *throwed off* his mother—don't you see? No, indeedy! He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm damned if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it there!"

[Another fraternal handshake—and exit.]

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The plumed hearse, the dirge-breathing brass bands, the closed marts of business, the flags drooping at half-mast, the long plodding procession of uniformed secret societies, military battalions and fire companies, craped engines, carriages of officials and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roofs and windows; and for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

KNOCKED ABOUT.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

Why don't I work? Well, sir, will you,
Right here on the spot, give me suthin' to do?
Work? Why, sir, I don't want no more
'N a chance in any man's shop or store;
That's what I'm lookin' for every day,
But thar ain't no jobs; well, what d' ye say?
Hain't got nothin' at present! Just so;
That's how it always is, I know!

Fellers like me ain't wanted much;
Folks are gen'rally jealous of such;
Thinks they ain't the right sort o' stuff—
Blessed if it isn't a kind o' rough
On a man to have folks hintin' belief
That he ain't to be trusted more 'n a thief,
When p'r'aps his fingers are cleaner far
'N them o' chaps that talk so are!

Got a look o' the sea! Well, I 'xpect that's so;
Had a hankerin' that way some years ago,
And run off; I shipped in a whaler fust,
And got cast away; but that warn't the wust;
Took fire, sir, next time, we did, and—well,
We blazed up till everything standin' fell,
And then me and Tom—my mate—and some more,
Got off, with a notion of goin' ashore.

But thar warn't no shore to see round thar,
So we drifted and drifted everywhar
For a week, and then all but Tom and me
Was food for the sharks or down in the sea.
But we prayed—me and Tom—the best we could,
For a sail. It come, and at last we stood
On old 'arth once more, and the captain told
Us we was ashore in the land o' gold.

Gold! We didn't get much. But we struck
For the mines, of course, and tried our luck.

'T warn't bad at the start, but things went wrong
Pooty soon, for one night thar come along,
While we was asleep, some redskin chaps,
And they made things lively round thar—perhaps!
Anyhow we left mighty quick—Tom and me,
And we didn't go back—kind o' risky, you see!

By'm-by, sir, the war come on, and then
We 'listed. Poor Tom! I was nigh him when
It all happened. He looked up and sez, sez he,
"Bill, it's come to partin' 'twixt you and me,
Old chap. I hain't much to leave—here, this knife—
Stand to your colors, Bill, while you have life!"
That was all.—Yes, got wounded myself, sir, here,
And—I'm pensioned on water and air a year!

It ain't much to thank for that I'm alive,
Knockin' about like this— What, a five!
That's suthin' han'some, now, that is. I'm blest
If things don't quite frequent turn out for the best
Arter all! A V! Hi! Luck! It's far more!
Mister, I kind o' liked the looks o' your store.
You're a trump, sir, a reg—Eh? Oh, all right!
I'm off,—but you are, sir, a trump, honor bright!

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said that some believe it necessary to go down in the water, and come up out of it, to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition "into" of the Scriptures should be rendered differently, as it does not mean into at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain; and the Saviour was taken

up into a high mountain, etc. Now we do not suppose either went into a mountain, but went unto it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way, by sprinkling or pouring." He carried this idea out fully, and in due season closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally, a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I is so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings dat I never could pelief before. Oh, I is so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close py or near to, for now I can pelief many dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vos cast into de ten of lions, and came out alife. Now I neffer could pelief dat, for wilt peasts would shust eat him right off; but now it is fery clear to my mint. He vash shust close py or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vash here to-night. Again we reat dat de Heprew children vas cast into de firish furnace, and dat always look like a beeg story too, for they would have been purnt up; but it ish all blain to my mint now, for dey was shust cast py or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vas so glad I vash here to-night. And den Mister Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vash cast into de sea, and taken into de whale's pelly. Now I neffer could pelief dat. It alwish seemed to me to be a peeg fish story, but it ish all blain to my mint now. He vash not into de whale's pelly at all, but shump onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night.

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more bassages of Scriptures, I shall be oh so happy dat I vas here to-night! One of dem ish vere it saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone alwish. Oh, Mister Breacher, shall I be cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py or near to —shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh, I hope you tell me I shall be cast only shust py a good veys off, and I vill pe so glad I vash here to-night. De oder bassage is dat vich saish blessed are they who do these commandments, dat dey may have right to de dree of life, and enter in droo de gates of de city, and not shust close py or near to—shust near enough to see vat I have lost—and I shall pe so glad I vash here to night."

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

A POPULAR RECITATION. J. S. LE FANU.

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavin's by night.

It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon!
If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet,—
Unsheltered by night and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;

An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fangéd hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
An', by gorra, the whole world gev it into him there.
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
An' it's many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done: an' it's often I heerd tell
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,
An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look at her dim, lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough-jail,

An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor bound,
An' he laid down his length on the cowld prison ground,
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears didn't fall; for the pride of his heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good an' the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,
For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword in hand;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,
With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,

As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim didn't understand it nor mind it a taste;
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said:
"My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you, No!
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, Yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"O judge! darlin', don't, oh, don't say the word!
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';
You don't know him, my lord,—oh, don't give him to ruin!
He's the kindliest crathur, the tendherest-hearted;
Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you—oh, don't say the word!"
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;

An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the sthrong, manly voice used to falther and break;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquered and mastered his grief-swelling tide,
"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it's betther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour;
For I wish, when my head's lyin' undher the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"
Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentince was said

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O Shamus O'Brien! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
An' fasther an' fasther the crowd gathered there,
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;
An' whiskey was sellin', an' cussamuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark,
An' be gorra, 'twas thrue for him, for divil sich a scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge,
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres;
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!
Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd—
By the heavens, he's free! — than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,

An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang.

He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be
In America, darlint, the land of the free.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

A COMIC RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

I'm only a little girl, but I think I have as much right to say what I want to about things as a boy. I hate boys; they're so mean; they always grab all the strawberries at the dinner table, and never tell us when they are going to have any fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus told me he was going to let off some fireworks, and he let Bessie Nettle and me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel, and his mother's room has a window with a balcony. His mother was gone out to buy some *crême de lis* to put on her face, and he'd went and got eleven boxes of lucifer matches, and ever so many pieces of castile soap; he stealed them from the housekeeper. Just when she went to put them in her closet, Gus went and told her Mrs. Nettle wanted her a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and matches, and when she came back he watched her; and she got real mad, and she scolded Della (that is the chambermaid), and said she knowed she did it; and I was real glad, because when I was turning somersets on my mother's bed the other day Della slapped me, and said she wasn't going to make the bed two times to please me; then Bessie and me sticked the matches in the soap like ten-pins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like anything, and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned on a little gas so's his mother would think it was that.

We get our dinner with the nurses, cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for the children if they sit at the table in the big dining room. Once my mother let me go down with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman that sat next to us said "little girls should be seen and not heard." The mean old thing died last week, and I was real glad, and I told Della so, and she said if I went and said things like that, I couldn't go to heaven. Much she knows about it; and I wouldn't want to go if dirty things like she is went there. Yesterday Mary, our nurse, told Bessie Nettle's nurse that she heard Larry Finnegan was going to marry her. Larry is one of the waiters, and he saves candies for me from the big dining room; and Bessie Nettle's nurse said: "Oh, lord! what a lie!" and Bessie Nettle went into her mother's room, and her little brother said she nipped him, and Bessie said: "Oh, lord! what a lie!" and you should have heard how her mother did talk to her, and went and shut her up in a dark room where she kept her trunks, and didn't let her have nothing but bread and water; and Gus Rogers went and yelled through the keyhole, and said: "Bessie, the devil is coming to fetch you," and Bessie screamed and almost had a fit, and her mother told Mrs. Rogers, and got Gus licked, and Gus says he's a mind to set the house on fire some day, and burn her out.

One day I went into the parlor and creeped under the sofa, and there wasn't nobody there. They don't let dogs nor children go into the parlor, and I think it's real mean; and I had to creep under the sofa, so nobody could see me; and Mr. Boyce came in, and Miss Jackson; she said one day that children was worse nuisance than dogs. And Mr. Boyce and Miss Jackson came in and sitted down on the sofa; and he said, "Oh, Louisa, I do love you so much," and then he kissed her, for I heard it smack. And then she said, "Oh Thomas, I do wish I could believe you; don't you ever kiss anybody else?" And he said, "No,

dearest," and I yelled out, "Oh, what a big story! for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night, when the gas was turned down." Didn't he jump up? you bet; and he pulled me out and tored my frock, and he said, "Oh, you wicked child, where do you expect to go to for telling such stories?" and I told him, "You shut up, I ain't going anywhere with you." I wish that man would die, like the other one, so I do; and I don't care whether he goes to heaven or not.

Gus Rogers' mother had a lunch party in her parlor, and they had champagne, and they never gave him any, and when his mother wasn't looking he found a bottle half full on the sideboard, and he stealed it, and took it in our nursery; and Mary wasn't there, and Gus and me drinked it out of the glass Mary brushes her teeth in; and it was real nice; and we looked in Mary's wardrobe and found her frock that she goes to church in; and Gus put it on, and Mary's bonnet, too; and we went into the hall, and we tumbled down and tored Mary's frock, and made my nose bleed; and Gus said, "Oh, there's a earthquake!" cause we couldn't stand up; and you should see how the house did go up and down—awful; and Gus and me laid down on the carpet, and the housekeeper picked me up and tooked me to my mother's room, and my mother said, "Oh, my! whatever have you been doing?" and I said, "Oh, lord! I drinked some champagne out of Gus Rogers' mother's bottle, in the glass that Mary brushes her teeth in." And the housekeeper says, "Oh, my goodness gracious! that child's as tight as bricks;" and I said, "You bet; bully for you;" and then I was awful sick, and I've forgot what else.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY

Sabata pango;
Funera plango;
Solemnia clango.

[*Inscription on an old Bell.*

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
  Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
  Fling round my cradle
Their magic spell.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
  Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings on the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosko
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

A SERIOUS RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name.
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown had floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the* Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And steadily, solemnly waded in,
And his broad brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
His coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he went into heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up, in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the waves went down.

And after him, with his MSS,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now;

And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true;
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all'?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,

And priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

RORY O'MORE'S PRESENT TO THE PRIEST.

AN IRISH RECITATION. SAMUEL LOVER.

"Why, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I went to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see; whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sitch as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots; and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man. 'You can thry them,' says he. 'How can I thry them?' says I. 'Pull them on you,' says he. 'Troth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sitch a liberty with them,' says I. 'Why, aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he. 'Is it me?' says I, 'me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of me sinsis I am?' says I. 'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he. 'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?' 'How should I know?' says he. 'You're

a purty bootmaker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!' 'How do I know his size?' says he. 'Oh, don't be comin' off that way,' says I. 'There's no sitch great differ betune priests and other min!'

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveler.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come-off* for his own ignorance. 'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.' 'He's betune five and six fut,' says I. 'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impident fellow. 'It's not the five, nor the six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persaived he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefutted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I; and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impident vagabone of the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place."

"It is their usual practice," said the traveler, " to take measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. " You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the country; and they ought to be so, by all accounts; but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely."

" How so?" said the traveler.

"Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the country at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dhrives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money, and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed."

"But what I mane is, where did I leave off tellin' you about the present for the priest? wasn't it at the boot-maker's shop? yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow's impidence, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a goolden head to it that was worth its weight in goold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sitch another.' And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they call Dame sthreet, and by the same token I didn't know why they called it Dame sthreet till I ax'd; and I was towld they called it Dame sthreet bekase the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there; and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can't believe that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon; and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame sthreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim; and a man in the place kem to me and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you *mane*,' says he. 'No,' says I 'it's a stick,' for I was determined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a *nate* one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I. 'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for,' and he laughed a power; I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveler.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', respectable, responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveler.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin,' a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it; for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear that I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I, and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir! to call a stick good and light, as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are,' says I? 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone! to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinsis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy, lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin'-sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'*-sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sitch a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among thim, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins—divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there's not a man in the parish wants it more," says Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveler.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," says Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveler, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl! you wouldn't laugh if you wor undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good God!" said the traveler, in real astonishment, "does the priest join in the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a sthranger in the counthry. The priest join it! Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and av coorse the only way he can stop it is to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disparse thim; scatter thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessitated to have recoorse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public-house is too full, and in he goes and dhrives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public-house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim; and why should he? he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it; besides, he does not like to be sevare on us."

"Severe?" said the traveler, in surprise, "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that? sure that's nothin' to his tongue; his words is like swoords or rhazors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murthers us with when we displaze him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word with him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveler.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop; and afther spendin' over an hour, would you b'lieve it? divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man."

"But about the gridiron?"

"Sure I'm tellin' you about it," said Rory; "only I'm not come to it yet. You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shopkeepers in Dublin that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his reverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin' through the last town in the middle o' the rain, I thought of a gridiron."

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain," said the traveler.

"No, 'twasn't the rain made me think of it. I think it was God must have put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head, afther, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my corderoys on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we dhrove along up the sthreet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop half-way down the town, but a gridiron hanging up at the door! and so I went back to get it."

"But isn't a gridiron an odd present? hasn't his reverence one already?"

"He had, sir, before it was bruk; but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brilin' some mate, an it for his reverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threw it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too,' says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace; and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nathrel, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him; and away he tatthered over the country, till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."

"MOTHER'S FOOL."

"'Tis plain to me," said a farmer's wife,
"Those boys will make their mark in life;
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to college ought to go.
There's Fred—he's little better 'n a fool;
But John and Henry *must* go to school."

"Well, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he sat his mug of cider down,
"Fred does more work in a day for me
Than both his brothers do in three.

Book larning will never plant one's corn,
Nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born,
Nor mend a rod of broken fence—
For my part, give me *common sense.*"

But his wife was bound the roost to rule,
And John and Henry were sent to school,
While Fred, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind!

Five years at school the students spent,
Then into business each one went;
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair, of course, in the middle;
While his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out a sign, "H. E. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile, at home their brother Fred
Had taken a notion into his head;
But he quietly trimmed his apple trees,
And weeded his onions, and planted peas;
While, somehow, either by hook or by crook,
He managed to read full many a book;
Until, at last, his father said
He was getting "book larnin'" into his head.
"But, for all that," said Farmer Brown,
"He's the smartest boy there is in town."

The war broke out, and Captain Fred
One hundred men to the battle led;
And when the rebel flag came down,
He came marching home as *General* Brown,
But he went to work on the farm again,
(And plowed the ground and sowed the grain),
Re-shingled the barn, and mended the fence,
And the people declared, "He had common sense."

Now, common sense was very rare,
And the State House needed a portion there;
So the "Family Dunce" moved into town,
And the people called him *Governor* Brown;
And his brothers, who went to the city school,
Came home to live with "Mother's Fool."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A COMIC ORATION. ANONYMOUS.

Queen Elizabeth is dead. It doesn't make any matter how we got the information. This is none of our fight—this quarrel between the Associated Press and its rival. We've received the news, and that's enough. She died two hundred and sixty-eight years ago the twenty-fourth of last month. She survived until the vital spark had fled, and then she saw it was of no use resisting the inscrutable decree of fate, and so her unfettered soul took its flight into the mysterious void, and settled down in that bourne from which no traveler returns unless he has a mission to jerk chairs around and rap on tables for the benefit of mediums and other long-haired, wild-eyed lunatics.

Queen Elizabeth was a virgin—a vergin' on seventy; and yet the fire gleamed as brightly as ever in her cream-colored eye, and the delicate sheen of her finely tinted maroon nose contrasted as forcibly as in her youth with the alabaster of her brow; and the plugs in her teeth were just as valuable as when gold was at 156.

She had no small vices. She did not smoke or chew, or belong to the society for promotion of cruelty to animals. And when she swore, she never descended to the vulgarity of Horace Greeley—Queen Elizabeth didn't. When she used profanity, she gave it with a finish, an elegance, a delicate, airy grace, and infused into it a luxurious abandon, and rounded it off carefully at the corners, and dressed it up with well-selected poetical adjectives, so that it sounded like a strain from some sweet singer, like some sweet singer straining himself, in fact. And she had red hair.

Her chignon was burglar-proof. And often in the dim twilight of evening, when the sun had sunk to rest, when the western sky was filled with tender radiance and lambent light, and the bulbul wooed the rose in the back

yard, she would play a few notes upon her harpsichord or write a latin hymn or an essay upon the Harrison boiler. She was supposed to be the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and "Beautiful Snow" and "Five o' Clock in the Morning." But nevertheless she was a very estimable woman, and with all her faults we love her still—better, indeed, than if she were still fooling around.

Queen Elizabeth was not proud. She always insisted upon cleaning her own teeth, even if she was a Queen; and she always did it once a week, every Sunday morning, with her own tooth-brush. What a lesson does it teach to those who are haughty and vain, and belong to the bon-ton! She never forgot that she was mere perishable dust, and that the sheep and the silkworm wore her fine clothes long before she got them. She read every Sunday-school book that taught these facts; and she once trod on Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak to remind him of them, because he was so set up with his new fancy cassimeres. She said upon her death-bed that Lydia Thompson need not learn this lesson, because it had no moral for those who browsed round in Nature's simple garb.

Queen Elizabeth was not sorry to die. She foresaw that George F. Train was coming to England, and she said to her physicians that she would prefer the enduring peace of the cold and silent grave to three weeks of George and the Alabama claims controversy and the Schleswig-Holstein question all at the same time. Her last words were "Kill Horace Greeley before he has a chance to write 'What I Know About Farming.'" There was not a dry eye in that second-story front room. Everybody was thinking how impossible it was to fulfill her dying request, and to escape so much misery.

But she has now gone; she has left us; we shall see her no more. Perhaps it is for the best. She was a vigorous woman, and if she had lived she might have come to America, and we might have given her offense, and she

might have pranced around here and flogged us like the very nation. For she was a woman who followed closely in all the prevailing fashions. And so we are glad she is dead, and has four tons of marble planted on her to hold her down.

Rest in peace, old girl! Rest in pieces!

THE STARLING.

A RECITATION. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The little lame tailor sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world was the tailor's darling?
To none of his kind
Was he well inclined,
But he doted on Jack the starling.

For the bird had a tongue, and of words a store,
And his cage was hung just over the door,
And he saw the people and heard the roar—
Folk coming and going evermore—
And he looked at the tailor—and swore.

From a country lad the tailor bought him,
His training was bad, for tramps had taught him;
On alehouse benches his cage had been,
While louts and wenches made jests obscene;
But he learned, no doubt, his oaths from fellows
Who travel about with kettle and bellows,
And three or four—the roundest by far
That ever he swore—were taught by a tar.

And the tailor heard. "We'll be friends!" said he,
"You're a clever bird, and our tastes agree—
We both are old, and esteem life base,
The whole world cold, things out of place,
And we're lonely too, and full of care,
So what can we do but swear?

"The devil take you, how you mutter!
Yet there's much to make you swear and flutter.
You want the fresh air and the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there feels dreary and sad,
And here I frown in a prison dreary,
Hating the town, and feeling weary;
We're too confined, Jack, and we want to fly,
And you blame mankind, Jack, and so do I!
And then, again, by chance as it were,
We learned from men how to grumble and swear;
You let your throat by the scamps be guided,
And swore by rote—all just as I did!
And without beseeching, relief is brought us,
For we're turning the teaching on those who taught us!"

A haggard and ruffled old fellow was Jack,
With a grim face muffled in ragged black,
And his coat was rusty and never neat,
And his wings were dusty from the dismal street,
And he sidelong peered, with eyes of soot too,
And scowled and sneered—and was lame of a foot, too!
And he longed to go from whence he came;
And the tailor, you know, was just the same.

All kinds of weather they felt confined,
And swore together at all mankind;
For their mirth was done, and they felt like brothers,
And the swearing of one meant no more than the other's;
'Twas just a way they had learned, you see—
Each wanted to say only this—"Woe's me!
I'm a poor old fellow,
And I'm prisoned so,
While the sun shines mellow,
And the corn waves yellow,
And the fresh winds blow,—
And the folk don't care if I live or die,
But I long for air, and I wish to fly!"
Yet unable to utter it, and too wild to bear,
They could only mutter it, and swear.

Many a year they dwelt in the city,
In their prisons drear, and none felt pity,
And few were sparing of censure and coldness,
To hear them swearing with such plain boldness;
But at last, by the Lord their noise was stopt,
For down on his board the tailor dropt,
And they found him dead, and done with snarling,
And over his head still grumbled the starling;
But when an old Jew claimed the goods of the tailor,
And with eye askew eyed the feathery railer,
And, with a frown at the dirt and rust,
Took the old cage down, in a shower of dust,—
Jack, with heart aching, felt life past bearing,
And, shivering, quaking, all hope forsaking, died swearing.

LORD DUNDREARY'S RIDDLE.

A LAUGHABLE RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

One of the many popular delusions wespecting the Bwittish swell is the supposition that he leads an independent life—goes to bed when he likes, gets up when he likes, d-dwesses how he likes, and dines when he pleases.

The public are gwossly deceived on this point. A weal swell is as m-much under authowity as a p-poor devil of a pwivate in the marines, a clerk in a government office, or a f-fourth-form boy at Eton. Now I come under the demon—demonima—(no,—thtop,—what is the word?) —dom—denom—d-denomination,—that'th it—I come under the d-denomination of a swell—(in—in fact a *howwid* swell—some of my fwiends call me, but that'th only their flattewy,) and I assure you a f-fellah in that capacity is so much westwained by rules of f-fashion that he can scarcely call his eye-glath his own. A swell, I take it, is a fellah who t-takes care that he swells as well as swells who swell as well as he (there's thuch lot of thwelling in that then-

tence,—ha, ha!—it's what you might c-call a busting definition). What I mean is, that a f-fellah is obliged to do certain things at certain times of the year, whether he likes' em or no. For instance, in the season I've got to go to a lot of balls and dwums and tea-fights in town, that I don't care a bit about, and to show myself in the park wegularly evewy afternoon; and latht month I had to victimize mythelf down in the countwy,—shooting (a bwutal sort of amusement, by the way). Well, about the end of October evewy one goes to Bwighton, n-no one knowth why,—that'th the betht of it,—and so I had to go too,—that's the wortht of it,—ha, ha!

Not that it's such a b-bad place after all,—I d-dare say if I hadn't *had* to go I should have gone all the same, for what is a f-fellah to do who ithn't much of a sportsman just about this time? There'th n-nothing particular going on in London. Evewything is b-beathly dull; so I thought I would just run down on the Southeastern Wailway to be —ha, ha!—Bwightoned up a bit. (Come, th-that's not bad for an impromptu!)

B-Bwighton was invented in the year 1784, by his Woyal Highness, George, P-Pwince of Wales, the author of the shoe-buckle, the stand-up collar (a beathly inconvenient and cut-throat thort of machine), and a lot of other exthploded things. He built the Pavilion down there, which looks like a lot of petrified onions from Bwobdinag clapped down upon a guard-house. There'th a jolly sort of garden attached to the building, in which the b-band plays twice a week, and evewy one turns in there about four o' clock, so I went too (n-not two o' clock, you know, but f-four o' clock). I—I'm vewy fond of m-martial music, mythelf. I like the dwums and the t-twombones, and the ophicleides, and all those sort of inthtwuments, —yeth, ethpethelly the bwass ones, they're so vewy exthpiring, they are. Thtop though, ith it exthpiring or *p-per*-thpiring?—n-neither of 'em sound quite right. Oh! I have

it now, it—it's *in*thpiring,—that'th what it is, because the f-fellahs *bweathe into them!*

That weminds me of a widdle I made down there) I—I've taken to widdles lately, and weally it'th a vewy harmleth thort of a way of getting thwough the morning, and it amuthes two f-fellahs at onth, because if—if you athk a f-fellah a widdle, and he can't guess it, you can have a jolly good laugh at *him*, and—if he—if he *doth* guess it, he—I mean you—no—that is the widdle—stop, I—I'm getting confuthed,—where wath I? Oh! I know. If—if he *doth* guess it—however, it ithn't vewy likely he would—so what's the good of thupposing impwobabilities?) Well, thith was the widdle I made. I thed to Sloper (Sloper's a fwiend of mine—a vewy good thort of fellah Sloper is—I d-don't know exactly what his pwofession would be called, but hith uncle got him into a b-berth where he gets f-five hundred a year—f-for doing nothing—s-somewhere—I forget where—but I—I know he does it)—I said to Sloper, "Why is that f-fellah with the b-bassoon l-like his own instrument?" and Sloper said "How—how the dooth should I know?" (Ha, ha!—I thought he'd give it up!) So I said to Sloper, "Why, b-because they both get *blown*—in *time!*" *You* thee the joke, of course, but I don't think Sloper did, thomehow; all he thed was, "V-vewy mild, Dundreary,"—and t-tho—it was mild—thertainly, *f-for October*, but I d-don't thee why a f-fellah should go making wemarks about the weather instead of laughing at my widdle.

In this pwomenade that I was speaking of, you see such a lot of thtunning girls evewy afternoon,—dwessed twemendous swells, and looking like—yes, by Jove! l-like angels in cwinoline,—there'th no other word for it. There are two or three always *will* l-laugh, somehow, when I meet them—they do now, *weally*. I—I almost fancy they wegard me with intewest. I mutht athk Sloper if he can get me an introduction. Who knowth? pwaps I might

make an impwession—I'll twy—I—I've got a little converthational power—and *theveral* new wethcoats.

Bwighton is filling fast now. You see dwoves of ladies evewy day on horseback, widing about in all diwections. By the way, I—I muthn't forget to mention that I met those two girls that always laugh when they thee me, at a tea-fight. One of 'em—the young one—told me, when I was intwoduced to her—in—confidence, mind—that she had often heard of me and of my *widdles*. Tho you thee I'm getting quite a weputathun that way. The other morning, at Mutton's, she was ch-chaffing me again, and begging me to tell her the latetht thing in widdles. Now, I hadn't heard any mythelf for thome time, tho I couldn't give her any *vewy* great novelty, but a fwiend of mine made one latht theason which I thought wather neat, tho I athked her, When ith a jar not a jar? Thingularly enough, the moment she heard thith widdle she burtht out laughing behind her pocket-handkerchief!

"Good gwacious! what'th the matter?" said I. "Have you ever heard it before?"

"Never," she said emphatically, "in that form; do please tell me the answer."

So I told her—When it ith a door? Upon which she—she went off into hystewics. I—I—I never *did* see such a girl for laughing. I know it's a good widdle, but I didn't think it would have such an effect as *that*.

By the way, Sloper told me afterwards that he thought *he* had heard the widddle before, somewhere, but it was put in a different way. He said it was: When ith a door not a door—and the answer, When it ith ajar!

I—I've been thinking over the matter lately, and though I dare thay it—d-don't much matter which way the question is put, still—pwaps the last f-form is the betht. It—it seems to me to wead better. What do you think?

Now I weckomember, I made thuch a jolly widdle the

other day on the Ethplanade. I thaw a fellah with a big New—Newfoundland dog, and he inthpired me—the dog you know, not the fellah—he wath a lunatic. I'm keeping the widdle, but I don't mind telling *you*.

Why does a dog waggle hith tail? Give it up? I think motht fellahs will give that up!

You thee, the dog waggles hith tail becauth the dog's stwonger than the tail. If he wathn't, the tail would waggle the dog!

Ye-eth,—that'th what I call a widdle. If I can only weccollect him, I thall athtonish those two girls thome of these days.

THE STUTTERING LASS.

J. G. SAXE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
I would always endeavor to please her.
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say,—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof,—"You're a dog—you're a dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style with our moderate hoard,
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

THE IRISH TRAVELER.

ANONYMOUS.

An Irishman traveling, though not for delight,
Arrived in a city one cold winter's night,
Found the landlord and servants in bed at the inn,
While standing without he was drench'd to the skin.
He grop'd for the knocker, no knocker was found,
Then turning his head accidentally round,
He saw, as he thought, by the lamp's feeble ray,
The object he search'd for right over the way.
The knocker he grasp'd, and so loud was the roar
It seem'd like a sledge breaking open the door;
The street, far and wide, was awoke by the clang,
And sounded aloud with the Irishman's bang;
The wife scream'd aloud, and the husband appears
At the window, his shoulders shrugg'd up to his ears.
"So ho! honest friend, pray what is the matter,
That at this time of night you should make such a clatter?"
"Go to bed! go to bed!" says Pat, "my dear honey,
I am not a robber to ask for your money;
I borrow'd your knocker before it was day,
To waken the landlord right over the way."

THE REMEDY AS BAD AS THE DISEASE.

A POPULAR RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

Once on a time, 'tis said, that Hounslow Heath
Was by a gang of robbers sore infested,
Who with the sword of justice boldly jested,
Till Mister Kirby's necklace stopp'd their breath.
Three doughty officers of volunteers,
Knights of the thimble (Fame reports) and shears,
Stopping at Hounslow in a chaise and pair,
Ask'd fiercely if the Heath was safe from thieves:
"Yes, sir," replied the ostler, "I believes:
Besides, what need such warlike gemmen care?"

The ostler had a *friend* who lurk'd at hand,
A tribute-gatherer on the road—no worse,
Who, viewing slyly this redoubted band,
Swore each should pay the *forced loan* of his purse.
Or put, to speak more like a politician,
Their money in a state of *requisition!*
Away then rode he on to wait his prey;
The heroes paid their score, and off went they.
But ere they half the Heath had cross'd
They found the chevalier upon his post;
He stopp'd the chaise—"Gemmen," says he, "I hear
This road is horribly by rogues beset;
And, though such valiant men despise all fear,
Perhaps you'll be in danger if you're met."
At this their powdered locks began to bristle:
"What shall we do?" they cried, "Oh, tell us what!"
"Why, gemmen," says the rogue, and show'd a pistol—
"Best leave your cash with me; I'll tell you that."
"What, all our money? nay, for goodness hold."
"Yes, all—quick! quick!" replied the rogue, "your gold!
Make haste!—your watches, too, must be unfobb'd;
Or, dash my buttons, sirs, but you'll be *robb'd!*"

A SUBJECT FOR DISSECTION.

A RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

A man at a tavern had made so free
With Perkins' best entire,
He fell from his seat, and asleep laid he
Before the parlor fire.

The landlord, who wished to shut up shop,
Cried, "Hang this drunken clown!
Whoever will take him out neck and crop
I'll give him half a crown."

A wag who was taking his parting cup
Cries, "Done!—just give me a sack,

I'll put him in gently, tie him up,
And take him away on my back."

So said, so done; at a surgeon's door
He gives a gentle kick;
"I've brought you a subject—five pounds, no more,
Here—give me the cash—be quick!"

The bargain is struck—the money is paid,
The fellow cries out "All's right!"
The drunken man on the floor is laid,
And the surgeon says "Good night."

But either the jolting had conquered the beer,
Or by time its strength had fled;
For noises came to the surgeon's ear
That a body can't make that's dead!

Enraged at a trick, he follow'd the man,
And cried, "How dare you connive
At an action so base? But I'll foil your plan;
Why knave, the fellow's alive!"

"Alive! you don't say so," he only said,
(It seem'd not the least to daunt him),
"He'll keep the better—don't be afraid—
You can kill him whenever you want him!"

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

OR; PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BRET HARTE.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar:
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny

In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise:
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed

Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts.
And we found on his nails, which were taper—
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

MONA'S WATERS.

A PATHETIC RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

Oh Mona's waters are blue and bright
When the sun shines out like a gay young lover;
But Mona's waves are dark as night
When the face of heaven is clouded over.
The wild wind drives the crested foam
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
And booming echoes drown the voice,
The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild against that mountain's side
The wrathful waves were up and beating,
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came;
With anxious brow and hurried greeting
He bade the widowed mother send
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging)
Her fair young soon across the flood,
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
"Oh yet delay, delay till morning,
For weak the hand that guides our bark
Though brave his heart, all danger scorning.
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:
"The safety of my fortress tower
Depends on tidings he must bring
From Fairlee bank, within the hour.

"See'st thou, across the sullen wave,
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
That flag a message brings to me
Of which my foes are little dreaming.
The boy *must* put his boat across
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger),
And bring me back, with care and speed,
Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leaped lightly in;
Bold was his eye and brow of beauty,
And bright his smile as thus he spoke:
"I do but pay a vassal's duty;
Fear not for me, O mother dear;
See how the boat the tide is spurning;
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
And thou wilt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
Over the waves—the snowy-crested;
Now like a dart it sped along,
Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested
And ever when the wind sank low,
Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
As long she watched, with streaming eyes,
That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore—the letters claimed;
Triumphant, heard the stranger's wonder
That one so young should brave alone
The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
And once again his snowy sail
Was seen by her—that mourning mother;

And once she heard his shouting voice—
That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind, wide flapped the sail,
A crashing peal of thunder followed;
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed.
The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play,
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son, who had no brother!
She raised his arm—the hand was closed;
With pain his stiffened fingers parted,
And on the sand three letters dropped!—
His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending;
A purse of gold he flung beside
That mother, o'er her dead child bending.
Oh, wildly laughed that woman then,
"Glenvarloch! would ye dare to measure
The holy life that God has given
Against a heap of golden treasure?

"Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor;
But know, proud man, that God hath power
To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
The chieftain in his fortress tower.
Frown on! frown on! I fear ye not;
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding,
And cold he lies, for whose young sake
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back his cheerful voice
That used to win my heart from sorrow?

Will silver warm the frozen blood,
  Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?
Go back and seek your mountain home,
  And when ye kiss your fair-haired daughter
Remember him who died to-night
  Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Old years rolled on, and new ones came—
  Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;
But naught could bar the sickness out
  That stole within fair Annie's bower.
The o'erblown floweret in the sun
  Sinks languid down, and withers daily,
And so she sank, her voice grew faint,
  Her laugh no longer sounded gayly.

Her step fell on the old oak floor
  As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;
And from her sweet and serious eyes
  They seldom saw the dark lid lifting.
"Bring aid! bring aid!" the father cries;
  "Bring aid!" each vassal's voice is crying;
"The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
  Her pulse is faint—her life is flying!"

He called in vain; her dim eyes turned
  And met his own with parting sorrow,
For well she knew, that fading girl,
  That he must weep and wail the morrow.
Her faint breath ceased; the father bent
  And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter.
What thought he on? The widow's son,
  And the stormy night by Mona's water.

A SHOWMAN ON THE WOODCHUCK.

ANONYMOUS.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the distinguished hanimal which is known as the Hamerican Voodcock, first discovered by General Christopher Columbus, in his voyage to the woods of Hameriky. Christopher saw him quietly seated upon a bank of clover, a viewing the setting sun and vondering vot would become of it. This ere is one of the descendants of that same voodchuck, as may be heasily seen by his general happearance, vich is beautiful and striking. He is a solitary creechur, and is called voodchuck because he lives in the voods, and the boys chuck stones at him. He has hair upon his back and his belly, and his tail is much the same. His eyes are at the opposite ends of his body, and assist him in the amusing occupation of seeing, vich he can see in the dark as well as in the light, helse he wouldn't live in 'oles hunder the ground. Like most hanimated things, he is fond of enjoying himself, vich he does in a very amiable and interesting vay. He 'obbles along upon the ground, ven nobody is looking, vatches the birds in the trees and tries to sing like them, vich he has never succeeded in doing; but this is not his fault, because he hasn't got any feathers. The voodchuck lives a good vile. Howing to the quiet life vich the voodchuck enjoys, I 'ave sometimes vished I vas a voodchuck myself. But then there is not hexitement in it enough for a showman, though I can say, as Halexander remarked to Diogenes, "hif I were not a showman, I vould be a voodchuck!" Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the very oss on vich the Duke of Vallentine slew the Lord Napoleon Bonaparte! Stir him up, John, and make him kick a bit.

HOW HAPPY I'LL BE!

ANONYMOUS.

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours;
She twined the buds in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair.
"Ah me," said she, "how happy I'll be
When ten years more have gone over me
And I am a maiden, with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek and lighting my brow!"

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with soft perfume;
Vases were near, of antique mold,
Beautiful pictures, rare and old,
And she, of all the loveliness there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair.
"Ah me!" sighed she, "how happy I'll be
When my heart's true love comes home to me!
Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bent over a cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest.
"Sleep well," she murmured soft and low,
And she pressed her kisses on his brow;
"Oh child, sweet child! how happy I'll be
If the good God let thee stay with me
Till later on, in life's evening hour,
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower."

An aged one sat by the glowing hearth,
Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run
Had borne her along to the setting sun.
"Ah me!" she sighed, in an undertone,
"How happy I'll be when life is done!
When the world fades out with its weary strife,
And I soar away to a better life!"

'Tis thus we journey from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future's ray;
Hoping on earth till its visions fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade;
Turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven.

A FRENCHMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE FALL.

ANONYMOUS.

"Monsieur Adam, he wake up: he see une belle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Voila de la chance. 'Bon jour, Madam Iv.' Madam Iv, she wake: she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put up his eyeglass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madam Iv, she feel angry; she see appel on ze arbre. Serpent se promêne, sur l'arbre, make one walk on ze tree. 'Mons. le Serpent,' say Iv, 'weel you not have ze bonte to peek me some appel? J'ai faim.' 'Certainement, madame,' say ze serpent 'charme de vous voir. 'Hola, mon ami, ar-r-r-eter vous, say Adam; 'stop, stop, que songen vous faire? What madness is zees—you must not peek ze appel.' Ze snake, he take one pinch of snuff, he say, 'Ah! Mons. Adam, do you not know zere is nothing proheebet for ze ladies? Madame Iv, permeet me to offer you some of this fruit defendu.' Iv, she make one courtezy, ze snake he fill her whole parasol wiz appel: he say, '*Eritis sicut Deus.* Mons. Adam he will eat ze appel, he will become like one Dieu, know ze good and ze evil; but you, Madam Iv, cannot become more of a goddess zan you are now,' and zis finish Madam Iv."

ISABEL'S GRAVE.

A PATHETIC RECITATION. L. E. LANDON.

Oh, it is veriest vanity to love!
Lovers are misers, who hoard up a store
Of wealth that cannot profit them, but turns
To weariness or waste. And what is love,
So sought with deep anxiety till won?
Beautiful disappointment when once gained.

We are now seated by a green turf grave:
The white rose, which hangs o'er it droopingly,
Parched by the summer, for which yet it pined
Throughout the winter, is the history
Of its cold tenant. She was a fair girl,
The very flower of Andalusian maids;
No one so often heard the light guitar
Steal on her midnight; and though rarely gold
Or pearls bound her dark tresses, there were few
Of nobler birth or of more Indian wealth.
So very young, so beautiful, 'twas like
The sudden fading of a bud in spring—
On which there is no mark of blight or worm.
When her place was found vacant in the dance,
And her soft voice was missed; when it was said
That in a convent's solitude she hid
The light and bloom of her sweet April time,
They did not know how youth's best pleasures pall
When the heart is not in them, or how much
Of happiness is in those secret thoughts
Which each hides from the other. Isabel
Lived but in one deep feeling, for she loved—
Loved with that wild and intense love which dwells
In silence, secrecy, and hopelessness,
And deemed a cloister was the fittest shade
For unrequited tenderness; and love,
Nourished by blushes and by passionate tears,
Grew like a fairy flower, until it filled
The solitary heart with fancied beauty.

They say there is a destiny in love:
'Twas so with Isabel. Some one had breathed
The secret cause that turned her from the world;
She had been loved although she knew it not,
And vow and veil of the dark convent cell
Were changed for bridal ones.
Alas! the vanity of these warm feelings!
A little while, and hers was happiness;
But this low grave, where rests the broken heart,
May tell how short it was. The heart which made
A world itself of visionary hopes,
Might never bear the chill realities,
All that affection has to learn and brook
When its first coloring is departed. Love,
I can but liken thee to the red bloom
Upon the apple—making the outside bright
But reaching not the core!

THE PARSON AND THE SPANIEL

A HUMOROUS RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

A gentleman possessed a favorite Spaniel,
That never treated maid or man ill;
This dog, of which we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of Tray.
After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, sought the dust,
That is to say, the Spaniel died.
A coffin, then, was ordered to be made,
The dog was in the churchyard laid!
While o'er his pale remains the master cried,
Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He raised a small blue stone just after burial,
And, weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial.

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

Here lies the relic of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Performed his functions well in every way,
Blush! Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

The Curate, of the Huntingtonian band,
Rare breed of gospel hawks, that scour the land,
And fierce on sins their quarry fall,
Those locusts that would eat up all,
Men who with new-invented patent eyes
See heaven, and all the angels in the skies,
As plain as in the box of showman Swiss,
For little master made, or curious miss,
We see with huge delight the King of France
With all his lords and ladies dance—
This Curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaimed, with infinite devotion:
"O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
Fine doings these, upon my word;
This truly is a very pretty thing,
What will become of this most shocking world?
How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurled;
Oh, by this damned deed, how I am hurried,
A dog, in Christian ground, indeed! be buried,
And have an epitaph, forsooth, so civil!
Egad! old maids will presently be found
Clapping their dead pet cats in holy ground,
And writing verses on each mousing devil."
Against such future casualty providing,
The priest set off like Homer's Neptune striding,
Vowing to put the culprit in the court.
He found him at the Spaniel's humble grave,
Not praying, neither singing of a stave,
And thus began to abuse him, not exhort:
"Son of the devil! what hast thou done?

Naught for the action can atone;
I should not wonder if the lightnings red
Dashed to earth that wretched head,
Which dared so foul, so base an act devise:
Bury a dog like Christian folk!
None but the fiend of darkness could provoke
A man to perpetrate so odd a deed;
  Our Inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
  And quickly your fine fleece shall shear:
Why, such a villain must be mad indeed."
  "Softly, my reverend sir," the squire replied,
"Tray was as good a dog as ever died;
No education could his morals mend,
  And what perhaps, sir, you may doubt,
  Before his lamp of life went out,
He ordered you a legacy, my friend."
  "Did he? poor dog!" the softened priest rejoined,
In accents pitiful and kind;
"What! was it Tray? I'm sorry for poor Tray;
    Why, truly, dogs of such rare merit,
  Such real nobleness of spirit,
Should not like common dogs be put away.
  Well, pray what was it that he gave,
  Poor fellow! ere he sought the grave?
I guess I may put confidence, sir, in ye."
  "A piece of gold," the gentleman replied.
  "I'm much obliged to Tray," the Parson cried,
Gave up the cause, and pocketed the guinea.

AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER.

The following characteristic letter was written by a Hibernian after six years experience of American institutions:

New York, Dec. the one, 1867.

My dear Mary, the darlint of my heart and sowl, I am well, but had the favor and ague; and I hope you are in

the same condition, thanks be to God. I wish you Many happy New Years, and the childer, and hope you will have threescore and ten of them. We had a Christmas here, But the Haythens don't keep it like we used at home. Divil resave the one ivir said to me Many happy Christmas, or Bad luck to you, or any other Politeness. I did not get a Christmas box until i was going home that night, and a night-walking Blackguard gave me one on the eye, and axed me for my money. I gave him all i could, about a score of pounds, which knocked the sinse out of him. Dear Mary, They tell me that the Nagur is going to be the White Man in future; and the White Nagurs in Congress, a public house in Washington, are going to try the President for being a white man. If they find him guilty, and there is no doubt of it, for they are accusers, witnesses, lawyers and judges all in one, they are going to execute him, make a fellow called Coldfacks President, and remove the state of Goverment to a place called Boshton, celebrated for its republicans and sinners. Thim is the same as the Rediculous fellows they call Ridicules, or Radicals, saving your Prisence. They want to continue their own Power, God Betune us and all harm. They say the Southerners must go down on their knees to them. They forget that the poor divils are flat on their backs already; and they are a mane set to kick a man whin he's down. Be jabers it makes my Blood bile to think of it. One war is no sooner inded then they Commence the begining of another in Washington; an' God knows whin or where it may ind. I lost one fine leg in the last, But i have another left for a good cause, and I'll fight for Johnson, for i hear his Great Grandmother, by his forefather's side, was an Irishman. We have snow and frost here, and is likely to have more weather. The temperance men, God save the mark, in a place called Albany, where the people sind ripresentatives to chate thim, have stopt our grog, only By Daylight. Divil a much matter anyways, for they

don't kape a dacint drap of drink in the country; no raal ould Irish Poteen; nothing but stuff that would kill a pig, if he had to live on it, much less a Christian Baste.

Remember me to Darby. Tell him he's well, and ax him how i am. I am sorry to hear of the death of the Bull, and hope you are likewise; her milk is a loss. Tell Teddy McFinn if he comes out here he will see more of America in one day than if he staid home all his life. I am glad his wife got over the twins, and hope she'll do better the next time, there is room for improvement. I like this country; but there is no place like ould Ireland, where you'd get as much whiskey for a shilling as would make tay for six people. If you get this, write soon; if you don't, write and let me know. I may be dead, for life is uncertain under the Radicals. But dead or alive I'll answer your letter. Address your dear Brother Jimmy, New York, America.

JIMMY MC BRIDE.

AN AFFECTIONATE LETTER.

Tipperary, Ireland, September the ten.

MY DEAR NEPHEW:

I have not heard anything of you sens the last time I wrote ye. I have moved from the place where I now live, or I should have written to you before. I did not know where a letter might find you first, but I now take my pen in hand to drop you a few lines, to inform you of the death of your own living uncle, Kilpatrick. He died very suddenly after a long illness of six months. Poor man, he suffered a great deal. He lay a long time in convulsions, perfectly quiet and speechless, and all the time talking incoherently and inquiring for water.

I'm much at a loss to tell you what his death was occasioned by, but the doctor thinks it was caused by his last

sickness, for he was not well ten days during his confinement.

His age ye know jist as well as I can tell ye; he was 23 years old last March, lacking fifteen months; and if he had lived till this time he would be just six months dead.

N. B. Take notis. I inclose to you a tin pound note, which ye father sends to ye unbeknown to me. Your mother often speaks of ye; she would like to send ye the brindle cow, and I would inclose her to ye but for the horns.

I would beg of ye not to break the sale of this letter until two or three days after ye read it, for thin ye will be better prepared for the sorrowful news.

PATRICK O'BRANIGAN.

To Michael Glancy, No. — Broad street, United States of Ameriky, State of Massachusetts, in Boston.

THE HALIBUT IN LOVE.

A Halibut sang to his lady-love,
A Mackerel under the sea,
The while he played on his light banjo,
"Oh, come and live with me!"
The deep blue waters were rolling
Beneath them and above,
But more fiercely rolled his glassy eye
As thus he sang to his love:

"I know," sang he, "of waters far
Less salt and briny than these,
Where we can swim or not, and do
Exactly what we please;
Let us fly from here to-morrow, my dear,
And a life of love begin—
You stole my fond heart long ago,
And I offer you my fin."

And the little Mackerel looked askance,
And trembled in every bone;
She confessed, with a tear, she worshiped him,
And lived for his love alone;
She further promised, the following morn,
To the place he mentioned to go,
And the Halibut struck up a wedding-march
On the spot, on his old banjo.

"Heave ho!" the fisherman sang,
Captains and crews and cooks;
"Heave ho!" and down they sent
Their lines and baited hooks;
"I'm hungry," the little Mackerel said,
"And I'll take one little bite
To stay my stomach, for I shan't sleep,
I'm so very nervous to night."

The Halibut came for his lady-love,
And he looked like a gay young swell;
But she, on the fishing-vessel's deck,
Lay a lifeless Mackerel.
He searched every nook and corner,
He fondly called her by name,
But nothing but mocking echoes
To his ears for answers came.

Then frantically to and fro
The startled Halibut flew;
As the hours passed by and he found her not,
More scared and frantic he grew.
Till at last he met her sister,
With her eyes full of briny tears,
And the tale she told of his true love's fate
Confirmed his terrible fears.

And ever after on lovely nights,
When other fish are asleep,
That broken-hearted Halibut
Doth his ceaseless vigils keep;

No longer he tunes his old banjo
To strains of love, they say,
But funeral airs and other things
Of a similar kind doth play.

His cheeks are hollow, his form is thin,
(He used to be sleek and fat),
He mourns by night and he mourns by day,
And he wears a weed on his hat;
Once he kept the best of company,
And was tasty in his dress,
But now of prevailing fashions
He knows little, and cares much less.

In vain his father, a hearty old sport,
Endeavors his spirits to raise;
He neglects his friends, and has taken to drink,
And is ruined in various ways.
His mother tells him there's other fish
As fair as she doth swim;
But he beats his head and flaps his fins
And says they're nothin' to him!

THE MERRY SOAP-BOILER.

A RECITATION.

A steady and a skillful toiler,
John get his bread as a soap-boiler;
Earned all he wished—his heart was light,
He worked and sang from morn till night.
E'en during meals his notes were heard,
And to his beer were oft preferred;
At breakfast, and at supper too,
His throat had double work to do.
He oftener sang than said his prayers,
And dropped asleep while humming airs;
Until his every next-door neighbor
Had learned the tunes that cheered his labor,

And every passer-by could tell
Where merry John was wont to dwell
At reading he was rather slack,
Studied at most the almanac
To know when holidays were nigh,
And put his little savings by;
But sang the more on vacant days,
To waste the less his means and ways.

'Tis always well to live and learn;
The owner of the soap concern—
A fat and wealthy burgomaster,
Who drank his hock and smoked his knaster,
At marketing was always apter
Than any prelate in the chapter,
And thought a pheasant in sour-krout
Superior to a turkey-poult;
But woke at times before daybreak
With heartburn, gout, or liver-ache—
Oft heard our skylark of the garret
Sing to his slumber, but to mar it.

He sent for John one day, and said,
"What's your year's income from your trade?"
"Master, I never thought of counting
To what my earnings are amounting
At the year's end; if every Monday
I've paid my meat and drink for Sunday,
And something in the box unspent
Remains for fuel, clothes, and rent,
I've husbanded the needful scot,
And feel quite easy with my lot.
The maker of the almanac
Must, like your lordship, know no lack,
Else, a red-letter, earnless day,
Would oftener be struck away."

"John, you've been long a faithful fellow,
Though always merry, seldom mellow.
Take this rouleau of fifty dollars—
My purses glibly slip their collars—

But before breakfast let this singing
No longer in my ears be ringing;
When once your lips and eyes unclose,
I must forego my morning dose."

John blushes, bows, and stammers thanks,
And steals away on bended shanks,
Hiding and hugging his new treasure,
As had it been a stolen seizure.
At home he bolts his chamber-door,
Views, counts, and weighs his tinkling store,
Nor trusts it to the savings-box
Till he has screwed on double locks.
His dog and he play tricks no more,
They're rival watchmen of the door.
Small wish has he to sing a word,
Lest thieves should climb his stair unheard.
At length he finds, the more he saves,
The more he frets, the more he craves;
That his old freedom was a blessing
Ill sold for all he's now possessing.

One day he to his master went
And carried back his hoard unspent.
"Master," says he, "I've heard of old,
Unblest is he who watches gold.
Take back you present, and restore
The cheerfulness I knew before.
I'll take a room not quite so near,
Out of your worship's reach of ear,
Sing at my pleasure, laugh at sorrow,
Enjoy to-day, nor dread to-morrow,
Be still the steady, honest toiler,
The merry John, the old soap-boiler."

THE UNBELIEVER.

DR. CHALMERS.

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, and glory, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him, Mind, the god-like gift of intellect—is debased, destroyed; all is dark—a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rayless —cheerless—hopeless! No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of Seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him, that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yea, while standing on the foot-stool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a god.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A SERIOUS RECITATION. T. WESTWOOD.

A little child,
A little meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing by her cottage door at eve
A low sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody—no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

A seraph by the throne
In full glory stood. With eager hand
He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth, unceasing. There, with a great voice,
He sang the "Holy, holy evermore,
Lord God Almighty!" and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration.

Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the "Holy, holy evermore!"
Till, trembling with excessive awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank before the throne
With a mute hallelujah.

But even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar—
A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet!
That blended with the spirits' rushing strain,

Even as a fountain's music with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder.

Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance, smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! praise God!"

And when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
Rang with the echoes of his chant sublime,
Still through the abysmal space that wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
"Praise God! praise God!"

LORD DUNDREARY PROPOSING.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION. F. J. SKILL.

"Any fellah feelth nervouth when he knowth he'th going to make an ath of himself."

That's vewy twue,—I—I've often thed tho before. But the fact is, evewy fellah dothn't make an ath of himthelf, at least not quite such an ath as I've done in my time. I—don't mind telling you, but 'pon my word now,—I—I've made an awful ath of mythelf on thome occathions. You don't believe it now, do you? I—thought you wouldn't,—but I have now—*weally*. Particularly with wegard to women.

To say the twuth, that is my weakneth—I s'pose I'm what they call a ladies' man. The pwetty cweachaws like me—I know they do—though they pwetend not to do so. It—it's the way with some fellahs. There was hith late Majesty, George the Fourth. I never thaw him mythelf,

you know, but I've heard he had a sort of way with him that *no* woman could wesist. They used to call him a cam —what is it? a camelia—no, camel-leopard, no—chameleon, isn't it? that attwacts people with its eyes—no, by the way that—that's the bwute that changes color—it couldn't have been that, you know,—Georgius Wex—never changed color—he—he'd got beyond blushing, he had—he only blushed once—early—vewy early in life, and then it was by a mistake—no, cam—chameleon's *not* the word. What the dooth is it? O, stop,—it begins with a B. By the way, it's 'stonishing how many words begin with a B. O, an awful lot! No—no wonder Dr. Watts talked about the—the busy B. Why, he's more work than all the west of the alphabet. However, the word begins with a B, and its Bas —Basiloose—yes, that's it—stop, I'd better look it out in the dictionary to make certain. I—I hate to make mistakes—I do—especially about a thimple matter like this. O, here we are—B. Basilica.

No it—that can't be the word, you know—George was king, and if—if Basilica means a royal palace—they—they might have been—welations—but that's all—no, it isn't Basilica—it—it's Basilisk—yes, I've got it now—it's Bathilith. That's what his Majesty was—a Bathilith, and fascinated fair creachaws with his eye. Let me see—where was I? O, I rekomember—or weckolect—which is it? Never mind, I was saying that I was a ladies' man.

I wanted to tell you of one successful advenchaw I had, —at least, when I say successful, I mean it would have been as far as *I* was concerned—but of course when two people are engaged—or wather—when one of 'em *wants* to be engaged, one fellah by himself can't engage that he'll engage affections that are otherwise engaged. By the way, what a lot of 'gages that was in one thentense, and yet—it seems quite fruitless. Come, that's pwetty smart, that is—for me.

Well, as I was saying—I mean as I meant to have said

—when I was stopping down at Wockingham, with the Widleys, last autumn, there was a mons'ous jolly girl staying there too. I don't mean *too* girls you know—only—only *one* girl—But stop a minute—is that right? How could *one* girl be stopping there *two*? What doosid queer expressions there are in the English language! Stopping there two! It's vewy odd I—I'll swear there was only one girl,—at least, the one that *I* mean was only one—if she'd been two, of course I should have known it—let me see now, one is singular, and two is plural,—well, you know, she *was* a singular girl—and she—she was one too many for me. Ah, I see now—that accounts for it—one *two* many—of course—I *knew* there was a two somewhere. She had a vewy queer name, Miss—Miss—Miss Miss, no not Miss Missmiss—I always misss the wrong—I mean the right name—Miss Chaffingham—that's it—Charlotte Chaffingham. I weckomember Charlotte, because they called her Lotty—and one day at bweakfast—I made a stunning widdle—I said—"Why is Miss Charlotte like a London cabman?" Well none of them could guess it. They twied and twied, and at last my brother Sam—he gave a most stupid anthwer—he said, "I know," he said—"She's like a London cabman because she's got a *fair back*."

Did you ever hear anything so widiculous? Just as if her face wasn't much pwettier than her back! Why, I could see that, for I was sitting opposite her. It's twue Sam was just behind her, offering some muffins, but—you know he'd seen her face, and he weally ought to have known better. I told him so—I said, "Tham, you ought to be athamed of yourthelf, *that*'th not the anther."

Well of course then they all wanted to know, and I—I told 'em—ha, ha! *my* answer was good, wasn't it? O, I forgot I havn't told you—well—here it is—I said—

"Miss Charlotte is like a London cabman, because she's a Lotty Chaffingham" (of course I meant, lot o' chaff in

him). D'ye see? Doosid good *I* call it—but would you believe? all the party began woarwing with laughter all wound. At first I thought they were laughing at the widdle, and I laughed too, but at last Captain Wagsby said (by the way, I hate Wagsby—he's so doosid familiar)—Captain Wagsby said, "Mulled again, my Lord." From this low expwession—which I weckollect at Oxford—I thought that they thought I had made a mithtake, and asked them what they meant by woarwing in that absurd manner.

"Why, don't you see, Dundreary," some one said,—"it won't do—you've forgotten the lady's sex,—Miss Charlotte can't be said to have any chaff in *him*. It ought to be chaff in *her*,"—and then they began to woar again. Upon my word now, it hadn't occurred to me certainly before, but I don't see *now* that it was such a mistake. What's the use of being so doosid particular about the *sense* of a widdle as long as it's a good one? Abthurd!

Well, after breakfast we went out for a stroll upon the lawn, and somehow or other Miss Chaffingham paired off with me. She was a doosid stunning girl, you know. A fellah often talks about stunning girls, and when you see them they're *not* so stunning after all; but Lotty weally was a doosid stunning girl—fair eyes and beautifully blue, ha—no! blue hair and fair—I (confound it, I always make that mistake when there's more than one adjective in a thentence)—I mean fair hair and beautifully blue eyes, and she had a way of looking at one that—that weally almost took one's bweath away. I've often heard about a fellah's falling in love. I never did tho mythelf, you know—at least not that I weckomember—I mean, weckollect—before that morning. But weally she did look *so* jolly bweaking her egg at bweakfast—so bewitching when she smashed the shell all wound with her thpoon before she began to eat it—I, I weally began to feel almost *thpooney* mythelf. Ha, ha! there I am at it again; I weal-

ly must bweak mythelf of this habit of joking; it's vewy low, you know—like a beathly clown in a b-beathly pantomime—I oughtn't to have said beathly twice, I know. A fellah once told me, that if—if a man says the same adjective twice in one thentence he's taught ological. But he's wrong, you know—for *I* often do, and I'm sure I never was taught anything of the kind.

However, Lotty was a stunning girl, and we walked all about the lawn—down into the shwubbery to look into some bush after a wobin wedbweast that she said had built a nest there—and, sure enough, when we got to it, there was this weddin wob—I mean wobbin-wed—bweast looking out of a gweat lump of moss. I thought Lotty would be pleased if I caught it, and so I thwust my hand in as quick as I could, but you know those little wedding—wobbin—wed-bweasts are so doosid sharp,—and I'm dashed if it didn't fly out on the other side.

"You thtupid man," Lotty thaid. "Why—you—you've fwitened the poor little thing away."

I was wather wild at first at being called *thtupid*,—that's a sort of thing—*no* fellah likes, but—*dash* it! I'd have stood anything from Lotty—I—I'd have carried her pwayer-book to church—I'd have parted my hair on one side—or—no—yes—I think I'd have thaved off my whiskers for her thake.

"Poor, dear little wobbin," she said—"it will never come back any more; I'm afraid you've made it desert." What did she mean by that? I thought she meant the eggs, so, taking one up, I said, "You—you don't mean to thay they eat these speeky things after dinner?" I said.

"Of course not," she weplied—and I think I had hit the wite nail on the head, for she began to laugh twemendously, and told me to put the egg quietly in its place, and then pwaps the little wobbin would come back. Which I hope the little beggar did.

At the top of the long walk at Wockingham there is a

summer-house—a jolly sort of place, with a lot of ferns and things about, and behind there are a lot of shrubs and bushes and pwickly plants, which give a sort of rural or *wurwal*—which is it? blest if I know—look to the place, and as it was vewy warm, I thought if I'm ever to make an ath of mythelf by pwoposing to this girl—I won't do it out in the eye of the sun—it's so pwecious hot. So I pwoposed we should walk in and sit down, and so we did, and then I began:

"Miss Chaffingham, now, don't you think it doosid cool?"

"*Cool*, Lord D.," she said; "why, I thought you were complaining of the heat.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I—I—can't speak vewy fast" (the fact is, that a beathly wasp was buthhing about me at the moment), "and I hadn't quite finished my thentence. I was going to say, Don't you think it's doosid cool of Wagsby to laugh at—at—a fellah as he does?"

"Well, my Lord," she said, "I think so, too; and I wonder you stand it. You—you have your remedy, you know."

"What remedy?" I said. "You—you don't mean to say I ought to thwash him, Miss Charlotte?"

Here she—she somehow began to laugh, but in such a peculiar way that I—I couldn't think what she meant.

"A vewy good idea," I said. "I've a vewy good mind to twy it. I had on the gloves once with a lay figure in a painter's studio—and gave it an awful licking. It's true—it didn't hit back, you know—I—*I* did all—all the hitting then. And pwaps—pwaps Wagsby would hit back. But if—if he did anything so ungentlemanlike as that, I could always—always—"

"Always *what*, my Lord?" said Lotty, who was going on laughing in a most hysterical manner.

"Why, I could always say it was a mithtake, and—and it shouldn't happen again, you know."

"Admirable policy, upon my word," she said, and began tittering again. But what the dooth amused her so *I* never could make out. Just then we heard a sort of rustling in the leaves behind, and I confess I felt wather nervouth.

"It's only a bird," Lotty said; and then we began talking of that little wobin-wedbreast, and what a wonderful thing Nature is—and how doosid pwetty it was to see her laws obeyed. And I said, "O Miss Chaffingham!" I said "if I was a wobin—"

"Yes, Dundreary," she anthered—vewy soft and sweet. And I thought to mythelf—Now's the time to ask her,—now's the time to—I—I was beginning to wuminate again, but she bwought me to my thenses by saying—

"Yes?" interwoggatively.

"If I was a wobbin, Lotty,—and—and *you* were a wobbin—" I—exclaimed,—with a voice full of emothun.

"Well, my Lord?"

"Wouldn't it be—jolly to have thpeckled eggs evewy morning for breakfast?"

That wasn't *quite* what I was going to say; but just then there was another rustling behind the summer-house, and in wushed that bwute Wagsby.

"What's the wow, Dundreary?" said he, grinning in a dweadfully idiotic sort of way. "Come, old fellow" (I—I hate a man who calls me old fellow,—it's so beathly familiar). And then he said he had come on purpose to fetch us back (confound him!) as they had just awwanged to start on one of those cold-meat excursions—no, that's not the word, I know—but it has something to do with cold meat—pic—pickles, is it?—no, pickwick? pic—I have it—they wanted us to go picklicking,—I mean picknicking with them.

Here was a dithappointment. Just as I thought to have a nice little flirtation with Lotty—to be interwupted in this manner! Was ever anything so pwovoking? And

all for a picnic—a thort of early dinner without chairs or tables, and a lot of flies in the muthtard! I was in such a wage!

Of course I didn't get another chance to say all I wanted. I had lost my opportunity, and, I fear, made an ath of mythelf.

THE FIREMAN.

ROBERT T. CONRAD.

The city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle soft and silent falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.
Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquillized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave are careless; those who joy or weep
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side;
'Tis summer's eve; the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! Oh, horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire! 'tis fire! She wakes to dream no more;
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door;
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that cry:
"Help! help! Will no one aid? I die, I die!"
She seeks the casement; shuddering at its height
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight;
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.

"Help! help! Will no one come?" She can no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The fireman comes, to rescue or to die.
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room, flames flashing round his head;
He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray,
And ruin crashes round his desperate way;
Hot smoke obscures, ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize;
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On! on!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed—the blazing hall is braved;
Still on! yet on! once more! *Thank Heaven, she's saved!*

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village-clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

A PATHETIC RECITATION. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas, "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed:
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs.
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven—
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He told them he thought this delusion a sin—
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
As he whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast aseep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now *we* know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died,
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And maybe she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dest as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with pesents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bing us some pesents before it is ight;
I want he should div' me a nice ittle sed,
With bright shinin unners and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumbers, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again:
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss:
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
His Annie's "Bless Papa" drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score,
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help in the nursery was stowed;
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
"With bright, shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve;"
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping down stairs, he retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And, at the same moment, the presents espied:
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see

What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa; I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and prayed dust as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our prayers; now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

A FRENCHMAN ON MACBETH.

An enthusiastic French student of Shakespeare thus comments on the tragedy of Macbeth :—

"Ah! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! He is g-r-aä-nd—mysterieuse—soo-blime! You ave reads ze Macabess?—ze scene of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch—eh? Superb sooblimitée! W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-r-oynt ze, Vitch!' she go away: but what she *say* when she go away? She say she will do s'omesing dat aves got no naäme! 'Ah, ha!' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aä-t vizout ze tail—*but*, I'll do! I'll *do!* I'll DO!' *W'at* she do? Ah, ha!—voila le graand mystérieuse Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! She not say what she do!"

This *was* "grand," to be sure; but the prowess of Mac-

beth, in his "bout" with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor:—

"Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by: he say (proud *empressement*), '*Come o-o-n*, Mossieu' Macduffs, and d—d be he who first say *Enoffs!*' Zen zey fi-i-ght—moche. Ah, ha!—voila! Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-right r-r-appier 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac: he say, vis grand simplicité, '*Enoffs!*' What *for* he say 'Enoffs'? 'Cause he *got* enoffs—plaänty; and he *ex*pire, r-r-ight away, 'mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is rising man in La Belle France!"

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

WILL M. CARLETON.

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Agin MY voice and vote;
For it was never MY desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good and true
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!

And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out.

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies MY whim,
In good ole Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some wordly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know
They played a little tune
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;

And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
See understood the time, right through,
An' kep' it, with her head;
But when she tried this mornin,' oh,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
An' meekly scratched his nose;
He looked his hymn right thro' and thro'
And laid it on the seat,
An' then a pensive sigh he drew,
An' looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise,
But drawed his red bandanna out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister good an' true
For five and thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear:
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
An' some day I to church will go,
An' never more come back;
An' when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no *patent* thing
A squealin' over me!

KATRINA LIKES ME POODY VELL.

OOFTY GOOFT.

Somedimes ven I'm a feeling bad,
Cause dings dey don'd go righd,
I gid so kinder awful sick,
Und lose my abbedide.
Und ven I go me to der house,
Und by dot daple sit,
Dot widdles makes me feel gwide bale,
Und I don'd kin ead a bit.

My head dot shbins arount unt rount,
Und my eyes dem look so vild,
Dot of my mudder she was dere,
She voodn'd know her shild.
Dot is der dime Katrina comes,
Und nice vords she does dell,
Mit her heart a busding oud mit loaf,
For she likes me poody vell.

She gifes me efery kind of dings
Dot she dinks will done me goot;
She cooks me shblendid sassage mead,
Und oder kinds of foot;
She ties vet rags arount my head
When dot begins to shvell,
Und soaks my feet mit Brandred's bills,
For she likes me poody vell.

She sings me nice und poody songs,
Mit a woice dot's shweed und glear,
Und says, "Dot of I vas to die
She voodn'd leef a year."
Of dot aind so, or if id is,
I don'd vas going to dell;
But dis much I am villing to shwore—
She likes me poody vell.

HOW TO SAVE A THOUSAND POUNDS.

AS DELIVERED BY MR. HARLEY. ANONYMOUS.

Hazard, a careless fellow, known
At every gambling-house in town—
Was oft in want of money, yet
Could never bear to run in debt;
Because 'twas thought no man was willing
To give him credit for a shilling.
Dependent on Dame Fortune's will,
He threw the dice, or well, or ill;
This day in rags—the next in lace,
Just as happened—a six or ace;
Was oftentimes, when not a winner,
Uncertain where to get a dinner.

One day, when cruel Fortune's frown
Had stripped him of his last half-crown,
Sauntering along, in sorry mood,
Hungry, perhaps, for want of food,
A parlor window struck his eye,
Through which our hero chanced to spy
A jolly round-faced personage,
Somewhat about the middle age,
Partaking a luxurious meal—
For 'twas a noble loin of veal;
And such a sight, I need not mention,
Quickly arrested his attention;
Surely, thought he, I know that face,
I've seen it at some other place;
I recollect, 'twas at the play,
And there I heard some people say,
"How rich this fellow was, and what
A handsome daughter he had got."

"That dinner would exactly do—
A loin of veal's enough for two—
Could not I strike out some way
To get an introduction!—Eh?

Most likely 'tis—I may endeavor
In vain!—but come, I'll try, however."

And now he hesitates no more
Thunders a rat-tat at the door,
And lest that method might not suit,
They say he rang the bell to boot.
The parti-colored footman come;
"Pray is your master, sir, at home?"
"My master, sir, is at home, but busy."
"Then he's engaged," quoth Hazard, "is he?"
(In a voice as loud as he could bellow)
"I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
It happens so, because I could
Your master do some little good;
A speculation that I know
Might save a thousand pounds, or so;
No matter, friend, your master tell
Another day will do as well."

"What's that you say?" the master cries,
(With pleasure beaming from his eyes,
And napkin tucked beneath his chin,
Bouncing from parlor, whence within
He'd heard those joy-inspiring sounds,
Of saving him a thousand pounds.)
"My dear sir, what is that you say?"
"Sir, I can call another day,
Your dinner I've disturb'd, I fear."
"Do, pray sir, take your dinner here;
You'll find a welcome, warm and hearty."
"I shall intrude upon your party."
"There's not a soul but I and you."
"Well then, I don't care if I do."

Our spark's design so far completed,
Behold him at the table seated,
Playing away, as well he might,
With some degree of appetite.
Our host, who willing would have press'd
The thousand pounds upon his guest,

Still thought it would not be genteel
To interrupt him at his meal,
Which seemed so fully to employ him,
Talking might probably annoy him;
So thought it proper he should wait
Till after dinner the debate.

And now "the King and Constitution,"
With "Ill success to Revolution,"
And many a warm and loyal toast
Had been discussed, when our good host
Thought it was almost time to say,
"Let's move the order of the day."
Indeed, he hardly could help thinking
'Twas rather odd—his guest was drinking
The business not a jot the nearer—
A second bottle of Madeira;
And that he seemed to sit and chatter
'Bout this and that, and t'other matter,
As if he'd not the least intention
This thousand pounds of his to mention;
Much did he wish to give a hint,
Yet knew not how he should begin 't.

At length—"Sir, you've forgot, I fear,
The business that has brought you here?
I think you gave some intimation
About a saving speculation."
"Ay, sir, you'll find it not amiss;
My speculation's simply this—
I hear you have a daughter, sir."

"A daughter? well, and what of her?
What can my daughter have to do
With this affair 'twixt me and you?"
"I mean to make your daughter (craving
Your pardon, sir,) the means of saving
The sum I mentioned; you'll allow
My scheme is feasible."—"As how?"
"Why, thus:—I hear you've no objection
To form some conjugal connection

For this same daughter."—"No; provided
All other matters coincided."
"Then, sir, I'll suit ye to a hair;
Pray, is she not extremely fair?"
"Why, yes; there's many folks who praise her:
But what is beauty now-a-days, sir?"
"Ay, true, sir! nothing without wealth;
But, come, suppose we drink her health."
"Indeed, I've drank enough already."
"Oh, fie! consider, sir, a lady;
By rights we should have drank her first—
Pray fill."—"Well, if I must—I must."
"And, pray, what age, sir, may she be?"
"God bless me—she's twenty-three."
"Just twenty-three, faith, a rare age!
Sir, you were speaking of her marriage."
"I was—and wished to know, in case
Such an occurrence should take place,
The sum it might be in your power
To give with her, by way of dower?"
"Well, sir—then this is my intent—
If married with my own consent,
I've no objection, on such grounds,
To pay her down ten thousand pounds."
"Ten thousand, sir, I think you say."
"I do."—"What, on the marriage day?"
"The whole."—"Then let her, sir be mine,
I'll take her off your hands with nine."

HOW I GOT INVITED TO DINNER.

RELATED BY MR. HOWARD PAUL, IN THE CHARACTER OF MAJOR JONATHAN BANG, IN HIS ENTERTAINMENT.

My gettin' the better of my wife's father is one of the richest things on record.

I'll tell yeou heow it was. You must know that he is monstrous stingy. The complaint seems to run in the

family, and everybody reound our parts used to notice that he never by any chance asked anybody to dine with him. So one day, jist for a chunk of fun, I said tew a friend of mine, Jeddy Dowkins—a dreadful nice feller is Jeddy—"I'll bet you a cent's worth of shoe-strings ginst a row of pins, that I get old Ben Merkins, that's my wife's father, to ask me to dinner."

"Yeou get eout," said Jeddy; "why, you might as well try to coax a cat into a shower-bath, or git moonbeams eout of cowcumbers."

"Well," said I, "I'm going to try."

And try I did, and I'll tell yeou how I went to work.

Jist as old Ben was sittin' down to dinner, at one o' clock, I rushed up to his house, at a high-pressure pace, red-hot in the face, with my coat-tails in the air, and my eyes rollin' about like billiard-balls in convulsions. Rat-tat-tat—ding-a-ling-a-ling. I kicked up an awful rumpus, and in a flash out came old Ben himself. I had struck the right minnit. He had a napkin under his chin, and a carvin' knife in his hand. I smelt the dinner as he opened the door.

"Oh, Mr. Merkins," said I, "I'm tarnation glad to see you. I feared you moughtn't be at home—I'm almost out of breath. I'm come to tell you I can save you a thousand dollars!"

"A thousand dollars!" roared the old man; and I defy a weasel to go "pop" quicker than his face burst into smiles. "A thousand dollars! Yeou don't say so! du tell!"

"Oh," said I, "I see you are jist havin' dinner neouw. I'll go an' dine myself, and then I'll come back and tell yeou all about it."

"Nonsense," said he, "don't go away; come in and sit down and enjoy yourself, like a good fellow, and have a snack with me. I'm anxious to hear what you have to say."

I pretended to decline, sayin' "I'd come back;" but

I'd thoroughly stirred up the old chap's curiosity, and it ended by his fairly pullin' me into the house, and I made a rattlin' dinner of pork and beans. I managed for some time to dodge the main p'int of his inquiry. At last I finished eating, and there was no further excuse for delay; besides, old Ben was getting fidgety.

"Come, neouw," said he, "no more preface. About that thousand dollars; come, let it eout!"

"Well, I'll tell you what," said I, "yeou have a darter, Misery Ann, to dispose of in marriage, have you not?"

"What's that got to do with it?" interrupted he.

"Hold your proud steeds—don't run off the track—a great deal to do with it," said I. "Neouw answer my question."

"Well," said he, "I have."

"And you intend, when she marries, to give her ten thousand dollars for a portion?"

"I do," he said.

"Well, neouw, here's the p'int I'm coming tew. Let *me* have her, and I'll take her with nine thousand; and nine thousand from ten thousand, accordin' to simple addition, jist leaves one thousand, and that will be clean profit—*saved as slick as a whistle!*"

The next thing I knew, there was a rapid interview goin' on between old Ben's foot and my coat-tails—and I'm inclined to think the latter got the worst of it.

PATIENT JOE.

A SERIOUS RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

Have you heard of a collier, of honest renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle Town?
His name it was Joseph—you better may know
If I tell you he always was called Patient Joe.

Whatever betided, he thought it was right,
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;
To those who love God, let things turn as they would,
He was certain that all worked together for good.

He praised his Creator, whatever befell!
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well!
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth!

In trouble he bowed him to God's holy will,
How contented was Joseph when matters went ill!
When rich and when poor, he alike understood
That all things together were working for good.

If the land was afflicted with war, he declared
'Twas a needful correction for sins, which he shared;
And when merciful Heaven bid slaughter to cease,
How thankful was Joe for the blessings of peace!

When taxes ran high and provisions were dear,
Still Joseph declared he had nothing to fear;
It was but a trial, he well understood,
From Him who made all work together for good.

Though his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,
A mind so submissive prepared him for all;
He lived on his gains, were they greater or less,
And the Giver he ceased not each moment to bless.

It was Joseph's ill fortune to work in a pit
With some who believed that profaneness was wit;
When disasters befell him, much pleasure they showed,
And laughed and said, "Joseph, will this work for good?"

But ever when these would profanely advance
That *this* happened by luck, and *that* happened by chance,
Still Joseph insisted no chance could be found,
Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who worked in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profligate wit,
Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gamed,
Who mocked at his Bible and was not ashamed.

One day at the pit his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go under ground;
Tim Jenkins, as usual, was turning to jest
Joe's notion—that all things which happened were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His provision for dinner of bacon and bread,
A dog, on the watch, seized the bread and the meat,
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet.

Now to see the delight that Tim Jenkins expressed!
"Is the loss of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best?"
"No doubt on't," said Joe, "but as I must eat,
'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat."

So saying, he followed the dog a long round,
While Tim, laughing and swearing, went down under ground.
Poor Joe soon returned, though his bacon was lost
For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back, he expected a sneer;
But the face of each collier spoke horror and fear.
"What a narrow escape hast thou had!" they all said;
"The pit has fallen in, and Tim Jenkins is dead."

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph expressed!
How warm the compassion which glowed in his breast!
Thus events, great and small, if aright understood,
Will be found to be working together for good.

"When my meat," Joseph cried, "was just stolen away,
And I had no prospect of eating to-day,
How could it appear to a short-sighted sinner
That my life would be saved by the loss of my dinner!

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

AN IRISH STORY. ANONYMOUS.

'Twas in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the

township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin, an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of time for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head an' kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me

hands and face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad!" sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will'? an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Presently an answer came.

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again. "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it wouldn't inconvanience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd!" sez I, civil enough, "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Who! Whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I, "and as fine a woman as iver

peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Who! Whooo!"

"Paddy McFiggin! bad luck to yer deaf ould head, Paddy McFiggin, I say—do ye hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle the blacksmith," sez I "ye good for nothin' blaggurd nagur, and if yiz don't come down and show me the way this min't I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as impident as iver.

I said niver a word, but lavin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," and wid that I let drive and lost me balance an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I didn't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for a while, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on,

thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeple chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leavin' the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in a shed, I went to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's?

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters—as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dinnis said it was an owl.

"An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.

"Do ye tell me now?" sez I. "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird."

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dinnis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

THE MENAGERIE.

J. HONEYWELL.

Did you ever! No, I never!
Mercy on us, what a smell!
Don't be frightened, Johnny, dear!
Gracious! how the jackals yell!
Mother, tell me what's the man
Doing with that pole of his?
Bless your little precious heart,
He's stirring up the beastesses!

Children! don't you go so near!
Hevings! there's the Afric cowses!

What's the matter with the child?
Why, the monkey's tore his trowsers!
Here's the monstrous elephant—
I'm all a tremble at the sight;
See his monstrous tooth-pick, boys!
Wonder if he's fastened tight?

There's the lion!—see his tail!
How he drags it on the floor!
'Sakes alive! I'm awful scared
To hear the horrid creatures roar!
Here's the monkeys in their cage,
Wide awake you are to see 'em;
Funny, ain't it? How would you
Like to have a tail and be 'em?

Johnny, darling, that's the bear
That tore the naughty boys to pieces;
Horned cattle!—only hear
How the dreadful camel wheezes!
That's the tall giraffe, my boy,
Who stoops to hear the morning lark;
'Twas him who waded Noah's flood,
And scorned the refuge of the ark.

Here's the crane—the awkward bird!
Strong his neck is as a whaler's,
And his bill is full as long
As ever met one from the tailor's.
Look!—just see the zebra there,
Standing safe behind the bars;
Goodness me! how like a flag,
All except the corner stars!

There's the bell! the birds and beasts
Now are going to be fed;
So, my little darlings, come,
It's time for you to be abed.
"Mother, 'tisn't nine o' clock!
You said we needn't go before;
Let us stay a little while—
Want to see the monkeys more!"

Cries the showman, "Turn 'em out!
Dim the lights!—there, that will do;
Come again to-morrow, boys;
Bring your little sisters, too."
Exit mother, half distraught,
Exit father, muttering "bore!"
Exit children, blubbering still,
"Want to see the monkeys more!"

OLD QUIZZLE.

Old Quizzle was a man of great discerning,
Yet punctuality was his noblest rule:
They say he was a man, too, of great learning,
Of course he must be, 'cause he kept a school.

'Twas in St. Giles's where this genius dwelt,
But oft, alas, the stings of hunger felt;
For he had scholars only just two score,
Twopence per week each paid him, and—no more;
Although so poor, content was in his face,
He seemed to glory that he held such sway;
For should a scholar dare to disobey,
The log was used—a token of disgrace.

One of his boys, a sad, audacious rogue,
Had oft the log, but still 'twas no avail,
Nor cane nor strap o'er mischief could prevail,
And oft he'd mimic Quizzle's Irish brogue.
Enraged one day, he in the kitchen lock'd him,
Stay there, you scoundrel, till I let you loose.
The boy still laughed, made faces, and then mocked him—
Avaunt! old codger, addle-pated goose.
But left alone, and thinking of his danger,
Perchance no tea, no supper, oh! the thought!
His cane, his strap, to them I am no stranger,
Or e'en a flogging I can set at nought,
But should he keep me lock'd up here all night,

With darkness, and no supper to contend,
The rod again perchance he does intend.
I'll talk no more,
But try this instant with my utmost might
To force the door:
Then rushing forward with his clenchéd fists,
But, ah! the door his puny strength resists;
A bar he spies; the door is soon knocked down,
And liberty his youthful efforts crown.
Then creeping gently to the school-room dear
Where silence reigns,
The tunes and bawling of the boys are o'er,
He fear disdains.
Then walking boldly to old Quizzle's seat,
He spies his spectacles and case complete;
Ha! thou helpmates to old Quizzle's goggle eyes,
Thee and thy master firmly I despise;
Thou shall no longer for his petty spite
Afford thy wonted pleasure to his sight.
'Twas thus he spoke, then dashed them on the floor
Old Quizzle's spectacles were now no more;
When thus he'd done, he hastened from the school
Exulting calling Quizzle an old fool.

The morn arrives, the boys are 'sembled all,
Save him who answered not to Quizzle's call.
Where's Toughstone, Quizzle cried (that was his name),
He has not come yet, was the answer give;
And when he does, I'll flog him, as I live.
Fled from below, and then my glasses breaking,
His breech shall answer for the undertaking;
He scarce had said, when in young Toughstone came;
Go seize that villain who my glasses broke,
And get him ready to receive the rod;
He shall not with impunity provoke—
I'll make him fear me when I only nod.

Think not I mean thy flogging to elude,
Said Toughstone (placed in tragic attitude),
I am thy scholar, not thy captive here,

My name is Toughstone, tough too was I born;
Perchance you wish to see me on my knees,
I answer no!—now flog me if you please.
Old Quizzle stood 'twixt wonder and surprise,
Not knowing whether to believe his eyes;
At length, said he, I think it is not fit
That I should flog thee for this show of wit;
But I forgive thee only on this score,
That you go hence, and ne'er come near me more,
Nor can that rod command a single tear;
Kind words command me, but thy threats I scorn.

THE INFIDEL AND QUAKER.

A POPULAR RECITATION ANONYMOUS.

Whoever travels in a coach,
Where right gives license to encroach,
To birds of varied feather,
Will meet with them in every station,
Without regard of creed or nation,
Whom chance has brought together.

Apropos—here's a case at hand;
The muse has but to wave her wand,
And friends will ne'er forsake her.
It happened, as the story goes,
That fate once brought in contact close
An Infidel and Quaker.

Well, on they chatted for awhile,
And told the tale, and raised the smile,
To pass the time the faster;
And friends till now they would have been,
And smiled and chatted on, I ween,
But for a sad disaster.

The Quaker introduced discourse
Of moral cast—and this, of course,
The skeptic soon offended;
He smiled no more, but quickly went

To prop his cause by argument,
  Which soon the Quaker ended.

For he, well armed in each attack,
Parried his blows, and gave them back
  With infinite precision;
And stood invulnerable still,
Defending with the utmost skill
  His well matured decision.

"What," said the infidel at length,
"You don't believe that David's strength
Could e'er have hurl'd the stone,
Which sank within Goliah's head,
And laid the mighty giant dead,
  Unaided and alone?"

"Yes," quoth the Quaker, "I believe,
And all the word of God receive
  As sacred and divine;
No case can be more clear than this,
The giant's head must break—if *his*
  Were *half as soft as thine.*

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

ANONYMOUS.

A roguish old lawyer was planning new sin,
  As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout;
The mails and the day-light were just coming in,
  The females and rush-lights were just going out.

When a chimney-sweep's boy, who had made a mistake,
  Came flap down the flue with a clattering rush,
And bawl'd as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
  "My master's a coming to give you a brush."

"If that be the case," said the cunning old elf,
  "There's no moment to lose—it is high time to flee;
Ere he gives me a brush I will brush off myself—
  If I wait for the devil, the devil take me!"

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

CHIQUITA.

Half an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark night, too;
Take a look at the switch-lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.
"On time?" well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right;
She'll come round the curve a flyin'—
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! he's engineer;
Been on the road all his life:
I'll never forget the mornin'
He married his chunk of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill hands struck—
Jest off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village,
And killed old Donovan's son.

Bill hedn't been married more'n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry
And went up on number one,
Thinkin' of nothin' but Mary
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat by the window
To wait for the night express;
An', sir, if she hadn't ha' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must ha' been nigh midnight
When them mill hands left the Ridge;
They come down—the drunken devils!—
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a workin',
And guessed there was somethin' wrong—

125.

And in less than fifteen minutes
Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't ha' come here to tell *us*,
A mile—it wouldn't ha' done;
So she jest grabbed up a lantern
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A swingin' it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin'
On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hallo! here's the train! good by, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night!

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

A RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

Some years ago, ere civil war's alarms
Disturbed the quiet of our Western farms,
A backwoodsman, unused to towns and cities,
Their fashions, usages, quirks, and oddities,
Resolved to travel. But we cannot furnish
Particulars of the object of his journeys,
Or when, or how, or where—that's not our purpose,
But just one incident to paint in picture verbose.

He came at length to see those "floating palaces,"
The Don of Waters tips like mighty chalices
On liquid lips; and sips, devours if he wishes,
Not waiting to be *dry*, the contents *and* the dishes.
Our friend had seen some craft, yet most a dreamer,
No marvel like a Mississippi steamer.

He stepped aboard, and setting down his "plunder,"
Began to explore the splendid floating wonder.
"My eyes!" said he "what lots of gold and silver!
The owners of this boat run up a mighty bill for
This furniture, and all this other fixin';
And how the painters, too, have put the licks in!
I wonder what that deuced door there leads to?"
And stepping towards it, stopped, as he must needs do,
Quite short, confronted by another Hoosier,
Who stared, and seemed to say, "Well, who are you, sir?"
Our hero moved to let the stranger pass,
Nor once suspected 'twas *a full-length glass!*
Making the circuit of the grand saloon,
Not strange to tell, the selfsame party soon
Again before him stood. "Hello! you stranger! at about
What time is this 'ere boat a goin' out?
Say, stranger! can't ye tell me?" No response.
The traveler turned; his hat upon his sconce
Indignantly he crushed, berating thus:
"Well, I'm not quarr'lsome, or we'd have a muss!
Feels grand! Won't speak! He's mighty proud; but now
A judgin' from the looks he ain't MUCH, *anyhow!*

'Tis thus in other judgments that we make—
Ourselves are seen in just the views we take.
One man declares the world is all awry—
His own discordant nature we descry;
Another finds a heaven here below—
'Tis the reflection of his soul, we know.

THE DEATH'S HEAD;

OR, HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. W. H. FREEMAN.

"Get money (honestly if't can be done,)
But money thee must get;" thus to his son
A Quaker said, and by this maxim now
It seems that all abide, from high to low:

No doubt, therefore, the hero of our tale
(As maxims with us all at times prevail)
Resolved with him the adage should not fail.
In famed St. Giles's he had long been known,
A baker—both of credit and renown;
And, as churchwarden of the parish, he
Supplied the poor in that capacity.
A plodding man was he, who pride disdained,
And thought a penny saved a penny gained;
Early to bed—he rose as did the sun,
And always had an eye to number one.
Having for years pursued this saving plan,
His neighbors titled him a moneyed man.
It chanced that various alterations made
In the church-yard, disturbed the peaceful dead,
And many of the tombs which friendship reared,
As a last pledge of love, had disappeared;
Nay, e'en those friends themselves had reach'd that bourne
From whence ('tis said) no travelers return;
No relative remained of all their race,
To insist the tombs should take their former place;
Epitaphs sculptur'd to their mem'ry,
Now scatter'd here and there neglected lie.
Now at this time our said churchwarden, he
(Whom we shall hence call Paste, for brevity),
Found that his oven sadly was decayed
And a new bottom must be quickly laid;
But on his mind the expense so heavy lay,
He could not sleep by night, or rest by day,
With so much money all at once to part;
"Why really 'tis enough to break one's heart;
Yet still it must be done, or else my bread
Will be so bad I shall lose half my trade."
Thus ponder'd Paste, as on the Sunday morn
He bent his way to church with look forlorn;
Deep sunk in thought, what plan he should pursue,
These nice flat polished stones appeared in view;
A sudden thought like light'ning cross'd his brain,

Could he these nice flat polish'd stones obtain,
Oh! what a bottom for his oven, eh!
And not one farthing of expense to pay.
He took his seat, but not a thought he owns,
Except relating to the nice flat polished stones;
In church or out, no other thoughts can move him,
Except the nice new bottom for his oven.
In short, the tablets quickly were removed,
And of the oven the fiery ordeal proved,
Whilst Mr. Paste thought they were bedded down,
Sacred from every eye except his own.
Fate, from time immemorial, hath decreed
That villainy in no shape shall succeed;
Thus Mr. Paste, entirely through neglect,
And in a way he had no cause t' expect,
To his dismay full quickly was betray'd,
And the informer was his own baked bread.
These nice flat stones, though polish'd by the wear
Of many years, still some impressions bear,
Which cherish'd traces were imprest, 'tis said,
Upon the bottom crust of all his bread.
Of the first batch, a loaf, so it appears,
Went to a dashing beau of four score years
Who stared with wonder as he plainly read
This moral couplet on the baker's bread:
"Mortal, I once was blithe and gay as thee,
But such as I am now thou soon shalt be."
"What," cried the beau, "has Paste, the baker, dared
Compare me to a paltry loaf of bread—
Take me for so much dough, and dare to make 't
Appear that I, like bread, shall soon be baked;
I'll crimp the scoundrel—villain! how durst he
Insinuate that I'm becoming crusty.
Another loaf of this same batch became
The property of a young buck of fame,
Who scarcely took it up within his hands,
When, in bold letters, printed on it stands
The word "Resurgam," which all know, 'tis plain,
If anglicized, means "I shall rise again."

"God zounds!" exclaimed the buck, "after that threat
I don't feel much inclined such bread to eat;
There's no temptation for that food will own,
'Twill not sit quietly when once 'tis down."
He to his next-door neighbor quickly hied,
Thinking that in his skill he might confide,
He being an apothecary tried,
Who, laughing at the joke, replied, "that he
Esteem'd it but the baker's waggery,
Who, to express his wish, used this device,
That flour and bread might quickly rise in price."
To an old maid the third loaf found its way,
Who thought of naught but ghosts and witchery;
Did but a cricket chirp beneath the hearth,
'Twas a sure sign of some relation's death;
Oh, how she stared when this same loaf she view'd,
How curdled in her veins each drop of blood,
As on the crust, imprinted from the stones,
Appear'd a grim Death's head and two cross'd bones.
The bread dropped from her hand, she scream'd aloud,
And horror-struck, she like a statue stood.
These tales through all the parish quickly ran;
To unravel them a search was quick began,
Which ended in the downfall and disgrace
Of Mr. Paste, who quickly left the place.
A moral hence may easily be drawn:
Let no man covet what is not his own;
The phrase, though homely, true's allowed to be,
That "honesty is the best policy."

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

WILL M. CARLETON.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out;
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin 'this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we ar'ged the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for a full week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to ar'ge and somethin' sharp to say,
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—
When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsy never should want a home if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'rable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

BETSY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

D. R. LOCKE.

I've brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson here,
To see that things are regular, and settled up fair and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has with me,
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business—only a word to say
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day,)
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward home;
I want to thank him for something, 'twas kind of him to come;
He's showed a Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true;
We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a lawyer too.

There!—how good the sun feels, and the grass, and blowin' trees,
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze;
I wasn't bound to state particular to that man,
But it's right you should know, parson, about our change of plan.

We'd been some days a waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

You see, when we came to division, there were things that
wouldn't divide;
There was our twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go I'll go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible—he died on our wedding day;
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in—Tryphena, and Eunice,
and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenrysville;
Three dollars a week 'twould cost him; no mendin' nor sort of
care,
And board at the Widow Meacham's—a woman that wears false
hair.

Still we went on a talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus frocks;
And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed:
"Save you climbing steps much, in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last; I felt a sinkin', and he
Looked as he did with the agur, in the spring of sixty-three.
'Twas then you dropped in, parson, 'twasn't much that was
said,
"Little children, love one another," but the thing was killed
stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say
The fault was all on my side, that never was my way,
But it may be true that women—though how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil;
And the church a laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted toil;
And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we are
wrong,
If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;

Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur neighborhood,
"Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good.

I'll tell you about the heifer—one of the kindest and best—
That brother Ephraim gave me, the fall he moved out West;
I'm free to own it riled me that Caleb should think and say
She died of convulsions—a cow that milked four gallons a day.

But I needn't have spoke of turnips, needn't have been so cross,
And said hard things, and hinted as if 'twas all my loss;
And I'll take it all back, parson; that fire shan't ever break out,
Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a doubt.

Then there are p'ints of doctrine, and views of a future state,
I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, disputin' about when it's due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by,
But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we're on our knees;
So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees.

One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim;
I wish, if it comes convenient, you'd change a word with him:
It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel it isn't clear,
That folks love better in heaven for having quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation; why, parson, if that is so,
You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below;
I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square,
If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.

But there's the request he made; you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when my time comes to go;
As if—as if—don't mind me; but 'twas that unstrung me so.

And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise,
Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me,
We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

FATHER BLAKE'S COLLECTION.

SAM. LOVER.

Father Blake was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil. By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy father had great influence over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy. Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen. There are forms, it is true, and many, in the Romish church, but they are not *cold* forms, but *attractive* rather, to a sensitive people; besides, I believe those very forms, when observed the least formally, are the most influential on the Irish.

With all his intrinsic worth, Father Phil was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for, with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger; but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for the severe Father Dominick.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A

subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reproved very smartly by his reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a side-long glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus:

"*Agnus Dei*—You'd betther jump over the rails of the althar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there—"

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate, fratres!*—Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out of that, there's room below there. Thrue for you, Mrs. Finn—it's a shame for him to be tramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain—it's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you indeed!—*Orate, fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say—

"I hear you there—can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly—

"You'd betther kill the child, I think, thramplin' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that—your conduct is scandalous —*Dominus vobiscum!*

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil—"here it is, and no denying it—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition? and doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty?—aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitther cowlds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs too, for don't I see this minnit a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Macavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it.* "Laughing is

it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God—laughing because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are under rain that might turn a mill—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see—very well, very well, take care, then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor, (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if I couldn't; but no, them naked rafthers grins in your face to no purpose—you chate the house of God—but take care, maybe you won't chate the Divil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. Oh dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you—throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable—for

though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making *viva voce* marginal notes as it were upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed, from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter, an approaching pattern, or fair, or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against faction, fights, &c., are his themes. Then they only listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word" in case of necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

For the Repairs and Enlargement of Ballysloughgutthery Chapel.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hickey, £0 7*s.* 6*d.* "He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Plaze your reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." (A laugh.)

"Oh, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be betther for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, £0 3*s.* 4*d.* "Of course he means to subscribe again."

John Dwyer, £0 15*s.* 0*d.* "That's something like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the althar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:

Peter Hefferman, £0 1*s.* 8*d.*

James Murphy, £0 2*s.*6*d.*

Mat Donovan, £0 1*s.* 3*d.*

Luke Dannely, £0 3*s.* 0*d.*

Jack Quigley, £0 2*s.* 1*d.*

Pat Finnegan, £0 2*s.* 2*d.*

EDWARD O'CONNOR, Esq., £2 0*s.* 0*d.* "There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.—*a Protestant in the parish* —two pounds."

"Long life to him," cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Young Nick is betther than owld Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7*s.* 6*d.*

Owny Doyle, £ 1 0*s.* 0*d.* "Well done, Owny na Coppal —you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; Bridget Murphy, £0 10*s.* 0*d.* "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon; a lone widow woman gives more than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no childers."

"That's not her fault," said the priest—"and maybe she'll mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and by all accounts was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Jude Moylan, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Very good, Judy; the women are behaving like gentlemen; they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finnerty, £0 8*s.* 4*d.* "I'm not sure if it is 8*s.* 4*d.* or 3*s.* 4*d.*, for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8*s.* 4*d.*"

"It was three and fourpince I gave your reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure, you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would—that's the rule of backmannon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark you pay for it."

Here his reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, and called out, "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! where are you, Rafferty?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued—

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you, and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

Squire Egan, £5 0*s.* 0*d.* "Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—*a Protestant in the parish*—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you don't take care."

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0*s.* 0*d.* "Not her own parish either. A fine lady"

James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "And here

I must remark that the people of Roundtown haven't been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a list from Roundtown—I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in a most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnegan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round—pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there's an example for you!

But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours—you are not a good gleaner—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good looking bonnets—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty. Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you.

Matthew Lavery, £0 2*s.* 6*d.* "*He* doesn't belong to Roundtown—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out—Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; Luke Clancy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; John Doolin, £0 2*s.* 6*d.* "One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy the name—we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillin's, your reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John, will follow your example?"

"We will, your reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you now the faithful apostles—and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you."

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back— Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked for it— don't go by that other woman there— Oh ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am? you ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now—afther that, remember—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0*s* 0*d*. "It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0*s*. 0*d*. "*A Protestant, out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh faith, the Protestants is shaming you!"

Dennis Fannin, £0 7*s*. 6*d*. "Very good indeed for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley, £0 5*s*. 0*d*. "Not bad for a hedge carpenther."

"I gave you ten, plaze your reverence," shouted Jemmy; "and by the same token you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried father Phil; "I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and I forgot it afther: and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—*they* were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate, fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent oc-

currence in Ireland—that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive?*

BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

T. HOOD.

Even is come, and from the dark park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane stain—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit, sit, split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep;
But frightened by policemen B 3, flee,
And while they're going whisper low, "No go!"
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking grumble "drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter catter-wauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, who screams in shrill ill will.
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgey, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest press'd,

Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's !—Ann's Cann's
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice ;
While ribbons flourish and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes !

ROGUERY TAUGHT BY CONFESSION.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION. PETER PINDAR.

A pious ostler who did much repent
Of all his sins, and they were not a few,
Resolv'd one day to give his conscience vent,
And get his wicked soul whitewashed anew.

So rose betimes next morn, and quickly knelt
Before a goodly priest with shaven crown ;
One who, although he in a village dwelt,
Knew all the cheating tricks of London town.

To him a free confession soon he made,
And vow'd full oft he ne'er would sin again;
Hoping the holy Sire would lend his aid,
From his polluted soul to wipe the stain.

"Son," cried the monk—"although thy crimes are great,
And 'nough to damn thy wretched, sinful soul,
Too much I fear there's one you do not state,
And I, ere you're absolv'd, must hear the whole.

Say, by our lady, did you ne'er beneath
The manger, keep some tallow in a horn?
And did you never grease a horse's teeth,
To hinder him from eating any corn?"

"No, father, no," he cried—"I'm not involved
In such a crime ; indeed, I've named the whole."
So then the priest each dreadful sin absolved,
And home the ostler steered with whitewashed soul.

Just three months after this, the ostler came
Again before the Friar to confess,
When 'mongst his other sins he then did name
His greasing horse's teeth with great success.

"Oh! wicked son," the holy father cried,
"Did you not tell me when I saw you last,
That you had never in your life applied
Grease to a horse's teeth to make him fast?"

"Yes, holy sir, I did, and then spoke true,"
Replied the man of straw with utterance quick,
"For though it may appear quite strange to you,
I never then had heard of such a trick."

BANTY TIM.

REMARKS OF SERGEANT TILMON JOY TO THE WHITE MAN'S COMMITTEE OF SPUNKY POINT, ILLINOIS. JOHN HAY.

I reckon I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy shan't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' j'nt,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute;
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,

What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I staid behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned;
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ROBERT H. LYTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, oh Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore—
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the death, Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him—
'Twas his own that dealt the blow;
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere yon star shall lose its ray,
Him, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw the world away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her! Say the gods have told me,
Altars, angel's circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!

Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendor of thy smile;
Give to Cæsar crowns and arches—
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn all Cæsar's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! Quick—my falchion!
Let me face them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my voice exulting swell!
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

DEACON HEZEKIAH.

ANONYMOUS.

Oh! Hezekiah's a pious soul,
With his phiz as long as a hickory pole,
And he wouldn't smile if you'd give him the whole
Of the gold in California.
There he sits, like a cloud, in his Sunday pew,
With his book in his hand, in his long-tailed blue,
And you'd better take care or he'll look you through
With a glance that says, "I scorn ye."

He is very straight, and narrow, and tall,
From the crown to the hem of his over-all;
And he sings the psalm with a woeful drawl,
And a mouth like a clam's when it's crying;
But when Monday comes he is up with the sun;
His *religion* is over, his work begun,
And you'd think that there wasn't a world but one,
And he hadn't a thought of dying.

You would think he was sorry he'd lost a day,
As he rushes and rattles and drives away,
As he gives the poor orphan a crusty "nay,"
And the widow a vinegar greeting;

And he bargains, and sells, and collects his rent,
Nor tears nor petitions can make him relent,
Till he gets in his pocket each doubtful cent,
Though he wouldn't *be seen* a-cheating!

And Tuesday, and Wednesday, and all the week,
He doesn't know Gentile, nor Jew, nor Greek,
Nor care whom he robs of the last beef-steak,
Nor the last poor hope of fire.
But Hezekiah is pious, very!
For who in the world ever saw him merry?
And he looks as forlorn as a dromedary,
And his voice, of itself, is a choir.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE LANDLORD.

ANONYMOUS.

A shrewd and wealthy old landlord, away down in Maine, is noted for driving his "sharp bargains," by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a large number of dwelling-houses, and it is said of him that he is not over-scrupulous of his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be responsible. His object is to lease his house for a term of years to the best tenants, and get the uttermost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the landlord, ascertaining that the tenant was a man "after his own heart," immediately commenced to "Jew" him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; the leases were drawn and duly executed, and the tenant removed into his new quarters.

Upon kindling fires in the house, it was found that the

chimneys wouldn't 'draw,' and the building was filled with smoke. The window-sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed through a hundred crevices about the house until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from the leakage. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath-room upon the second floor—but the lease was signed and the landlord chuckled.

"I have been vat you sall call 'suck in,' vis zis dam *maison*," muttered our victim to himself a week afterwards," but *n'importe*, ve sal se vat ve *sal* see."

Next morning he arose bright and early, and passing down he encountered the landlord.

"Ah ha!—*Bon jour*, *monsieur*," said he in his happiest manner.

"Good day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! monsieur—elegant, beautiful, magnificent. *Eh bien*, monsieur, I have ze one regret!"

"Ah! What is that?"

"I sal live in zat house but tree little year."

"How so?"

"I have find by vot you call ze lease, zat you have give me ze house but for tree year, and I ver mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer if you wish—"

"Ah, monsieur, sal be ver mooch glad if I can have zat house *so long as I please*—eh—monsieur?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, sir."

"*Tres bien*, monsieur! I sal valk rite to your offees, an you sal give me vot you call ze lease for that *maison jes so long as I sal vant the house.* Eh, monsieur?"

"Certainly, sir. You can stay there your lifetime, if you like."

"Ah, monsieur—I have ver mooch tanks for zis accommodation."

The old lease was destroyed and a new one was deliv-

ered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "such a period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent promptly, &c."

The next morning our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a legal tender, for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:

"Monsieur—I have been smoke—I have been drouned—I have been fees to death, in ze house vat I av hire of you for ze period as I may desire. I have stay in ze dam house *jes so long as I please*, and ze bearer of zis vill give you ze key! *Bon jour*, monsieur."

It is needless to add that our landlord has never since been known to give up "a bird in the hand for one in the bush."

THE FAMILY QUARREL.

A POLITICAL DIALOGUE. ANONYMOUS.

HE.—O Mollie, my love, is it you that I see
A marchin' around with this "suffrage" idee,
A swingin' your arms and a scrapin' your throat
Abusin' the men with your "right to a vote?"
If I see, if I hear,
It is true, it is clear,
You're not the same girl that I married a year.

SHE.—Now Willie, my dear, you know it is true,
That Mollie has never been ugly to you;
Who is it that nurses you when you are sick,
Although you are cross as the very old Nick?
If you see, if you hear,
It is true, it is clear,
She's a much better girl than you married last year.

HE.—I married an angel born of the sky,
Its light, and its truth, and its love in her eye,

The song of the seraphim swelling her throat,
But now I am deaf with her right to a vote.
Tell me why, if you can,
If you can, if you can,
I find her at last but a "feminine man."

SHE.—O Willie, you know when you fell on your knees
I then had the power to "veto" your "please;"
I "voted in favor," you promised so brave—
You promised so humbly to be a meek "slave."
Tell me why, if you can,
If you can, if you can,
That now I am not even "equal" to man!

HE.—O Mollie, my bird, had I seen you just then,
Astride of this hobby, abusin' the men,
A sawin' the air and a scrapin' your throat,
And a screamin' like mad of your "right to a vote,"
You'd have had, do you see,
Do you see, do you see.
No ghost of a chance to say "veto" to me.

SHE.—My master and lord, he would keep me a slave,
A mendin' his socks till I sink in the grave,
A luggin' the baby, a cookin' the meals,
With three babies more clinging close at my heels.
I declare, that is flat,
That is flat, that is flat,
No tyrant would ever be "equal" to that.

HE.—It's no easy thing to earn money for bread,
To pay for the roof which may shelter the head,
It's no easy thing, if I recollect right,
It's no easy thing just to stand up and fight,
I declare, that is flat,
That is flat, that is flat.
My better-half never was "equal" to that.

SHE.—Oh, dear, I do wish I had been an old maid.
Had worked at some place where fair wages were paid,
Or married an equal instead of a brute,
I'd send to the wars such a brave substitute,

But alas for my fate!
But alas for my fate!
I'm ground to the dust "for the good of the State."

HE.—O Mollie, I'm glad you are not an old maid,
At work at some place where good wages are paid;
If you were my "equal," I know how 'twould be,
You'd vote for a fight, and then—substitute me!
Then alas for my fate,
Then alas for my fate,
To be ground into dust for the good of the State!

SHE.—Now Willie, you know you're my joy and pride,
I never am happy if not at your side;
So just tell me truly, have women no rights,
But the needle o' day and the baby o' nights?
Now between you and me,
Just between you and me,
Is it dreadfully wicked to wish to be free?

HE.—Now Mollie, my dove, from my heart I declare,
They only are married who everything share;
The toils of the house, the toils of the street,
Must ever keep step to our heart's double beat;
Now between you and me,
Just between you and me,
It's lovin', not votin,' that makes a man "free."

SHE.—Of superfine speeches I've had quite enough,
I'll listen no more to your soft-solder stuff.
Will you go to the polls and vote like a man
For the Sixteenth Amendment?

HE.—I don't think I can.
SHE.—Then off goes my ring,
From your house I take wing.
You ugly old brute!
HE.—You silly young thing.

THE GUESS.

AN OLD ENGLISH RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

Tom Poplin was a London modern spark,
Such as we see on Sundays in Hyde Park,
Or mounted on a sleek and handsome filly,
Through Regent street, Pall-mall, or Piccadilly,
Pursue their way, elate with conscious pride,
And doubtless pleased to think how well they ride,
How grand they look, and how the poor pedestrian
Must be delighted with the art equestrian,
Or rather with their skill—but hold—a truce
To anything that might be deem'd abuse.
Like others, he adopted every plan
To be supposed a military man;
Could hold himself erect—his tight new coat—
His boots—his spurs—his stock, that cramp'd his throat—
His waist compressed—his swagg'ring martial stride,
In the most skeptical a doubt defied:
He might, indeed, be term'd a downright swell;
And why not? I would ask you, who could tell
That such a *gentleman* could e'er be seen
To measure satin, silk, or bombazeen?
The truth will out, in spite of all this vapor;
He was assistant to a linen-draper,
And nothing more—yet I would not upbraid
A man for following such or such a trade.

Tired of the odious shop, one summer day
Tom hired a steed—to Brighton took his way,
Abode of vanity and fashion!—what a dash
He there would cut! how he could spend his cash;
And such like thoughts the pleasant road beguiled,
And at his sure success he inward smiled.
Tom deem'd, too, he was not devoid of wit—
Indeed, sometimes he made a lucky hit;
But when his converse took a witty turn,
That which he uttered he had first to learn.

Arrived where two roads meet, at dusk of night,
Awhile our hero pondered which was right;
As thus he mused a plow-boy chanced to pass;
"What's to be done? I'll ask this clownish ass-
Though they're so very stupid, to their shame,
These bumpkins scarce can tell their christian name.
"Is this the road to Brighton, Jack?" he said;
The clown was wise, and grinn'd, and scratch'd his head,
And thus replied: "First tell me how you know
My name is Jack?" "Why, boy, I guess'd 'twas so;
I could not know it." "Oh, guess'd it, you say,
Why, then to Brighton you may guess your way!"

THE ATHEIST AND ACORN.

A POPULAR RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

Methinks the world seems oddly made,
And everything amiss,
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
And instanc'd it in this:

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighy thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung
The pumpkin on the tree,
And left the acorn slightly strung,
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be.

No more the caviller could say,
No further faults descry;
For upwards gazing, as he lay,
An acorn, loosen'd from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for that sin:
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.

BROTHER WATKINS.

A CAPITAL STORY AS TOLD BY JOHN GOUGH.

We have the subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

"My beloved brethering, before I take my text I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sot the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad *fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sot the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sot the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Around, on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sot the colored brethering, with their black

faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the brethering—ah! I passed out to take a last look at the old church —ah! the broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I mounted my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant-girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—*fare ye well, brother Watkins —ah!* I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my old gray mare run up the hill, and as she turned the top *she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years —ah!"

HANS IN A FIX.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely pedroom,
Unt dries vor to sleep werry soundt,
De treams—oh, how into my het tey vill gome,
Till I vish I was unter der groundt!

Sometimes, ven I eats von pig supper, I treams
Dat my shtomack is filt full of shtones,
Unt out in mine shleep, like ter tuyfel, I shcreems,
Unt kick off ter ped-glose, unt groans!

Den dere, ash I lay mit ter ped-glose all off,
I kits myself all over vroze;
In te morning I vakes mit te headaches unt cough,
Unt I'm zick vrom mine het to mine dose.

Oh, vat shall be dun ver a poor man like me?
Vat for do I lif such a life?
Some say dere's a cure vor drouples of me:
Dinks I'll dry it, unt kit me von vife!

TO-MORROW.

ANONYMOUS.

A bright little boy with laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
Was the light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young, this little elf,
With troublesome questions to vex himself;
But for many days a thought would arise,
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies;
"Mother"—oh word that makes the home!
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
"And time for my boy to be in bed:
When you wake up and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streaks of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And the vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my little Ted:
Enjoy to-day," the mother said;
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year—
It always is coming, but it never is here."

THE HIGHGATE BUTCHER.

RECITED BY MR. MATHEWS.

This man was very ostentatious of his affected knowledge of the History of England, a book he was constantly reading from morning to night, and which he so much admired, that he never served a customer but he related a part of the subject he had been reading in the course of the day. You'll suppose a customer to be standing *there*, and a friend seated with him behind the counter *here*, which will account for the following curious jumble:

What d'ye buy, what d'ye buy—well, how are you? how do you do? I am wery glad to see you; how are all the family? this is wery kind to call in this here way. I've been reading as usual all this here blessed morning, that favorite book of mine, Hume's History *in* England; what a book that 'ere is; how *hinstructive* and *hentertaining* Hume's History *in* England is—ten-pence a pound, ma'am. I've been reading the fourth *wolum*, it's a wery thick un, wery thick indeed—make nice soup, ma'am—Queen Mary—make nice Scotch collops, ma'am. Sir Isaac Newton was

a great man, he knew all about the *pole-axe* of the *fixed star* and how long it would take a man to go in a taxed cart to the moon. Queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's on a pillion—that saddle of mutton's just your weight, ma'am. I've been reading, dear me—I've been a reading King Charles; you've heard of him, hain't you? hid himself in St. James's Park ever since; no, it waren't St. James's Park, *war* it? however, I know it was in some park; but the wicked rascals caught him and cut off his head—make a capital hash with parsley garnish, ma'am. Cardinal *Wulsey's* father was a butcher, so am I; there's a curious coincidence, ain't it? and Henry the Eighth married Queen Elizabeth; no, he didn't though, for *she war* his mother; no, that couldn't be—*she warn't* his mother—but she *war* some relation. King Henry the Eighth—that's a nice fat bit, ma'am; take it wi' you." This was the learned oration that issued from this Socrates of the shambles, and drew a pretty numerous audience round his shop.

THE LUCKY CALL.

ANONYMOUS.

A country curate visiting his flock,
At old Rebecca's cottage gave a knock.
"Good morrow, dame, I mean not any libel,
But in your dwelling have you got a Bible?"
"A Bible, sir?" exclaim'd she in a rage,
"D'ye think I've turn'd a Pagan in my age?
Here, Judith, and run up stairs, my dear,
'Tis in the drawer, be quick, and bring it here."
The girl return'd with Bible in a minute,
Not dreaming for a moment what was in it;
When lo! on opening it at parlor door,
Down fell her spectacles upon the floor.
Amaz'd she stared, was for a moment dumb,
But quick exclaim'd, "Dear sir, I'm glad you're come,

'Tis six years since these glasses first were lost,
And I have missed 'em to my poor eyes' cost!"
Then as the glasses to her nose she raised,
She closed the Bible—saying "God be praised!"

CHALLENGING THE FOREMAN.

A GENTLEMANLY MISTAKE.

You tell me, said Terence, (when called to the bar
For forcing an heiress to leave her papa,)
I may challenge the jury, in whole or in part,
Yet though really injured, I have not the heart
To fight for an insult invisibly small,
For these honest souls have done nothing at all.
The trial proceeded—the proofs appeared clear—
And folks for the verdict were all eye and ear:
Then, instantly turning, the foreman pronounc'd
The pithy word "guilty," at which Terence bounced;
A flush of astonishment came o'er his cheek,
And for once in his life he felt troubled to speak.
Manslaughter! he roar'd, an ungracious assault
On a peace-making Christian, who has not a fault;
And others thought like him—but now they shall see
This mode of deciding things won't do for me;
I beg, Mr. Justice, you'll pull in your oar, man,
I've tried this same jury and find it a bore, man;
So call in the pistols—*I challenge the foreman!*

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

AN OLD ENGLISH RECITATION. ANONYMOUS.

A country schoolmaster, height Jonas Bell,
Once undertook of little souls
To burnish up their jobber nowls—
In other words, he taught them how to spell.

And well adapted to the task was Bell,
Whose iron visage measured half an ell;
With huge proboscis, and eyes of soot,
Arm'd at the jowl just like a boar—
And when he gave an angry roar
The little school-boys stood, like fishes, mute.
Poor Jonas, though a patient man as Job,
(Yet still, like Job, was sometimes heard to growl),
Was by a scholar's adamantine nob
Beyond all patience gravell'd to the soul!
I question whether Jonas in the fish
Did ever diet on a bitterer dish.
'Twas thus: A lady who supported Bell
Came unexpectedly to hear them spell:
The pupil fixed on by the pedagogue,
Her son, a little round-faced ruddy rogue,
Who thus his letters on the table laid:
M, I, L, K,—and paused—"Well, sir, what's that?"
"I cannot tell," the boy all trembling said—
"Not tell! you little blind and stupid brat!
Not tell!" roar'd Jonas, in a violent rage,
And quick prepared an angry war to wage—
"Tell me this instant, or I'll flay thy hide—
Come, sir?
Dost thou this birchen weapon see?
What puts thy mother in her tea?"
With lifted eyes, the quaking rogue replied,
"*Rum*, sir!"

THE MATRIMONIAL BUGS AND THE TRAVELERS.

ANONYMOUS.

Not far from town there is a country inn,
To which weary travelers do oft resort;
It e'er was famed for good strong ale and gin,
The best—the very best—there for money might be bought.
At this said inn two travelers did stop
To rest their wearied limbs, and eat and drink;

The good strong ale they pretty soon did top,
Their glass and teeth together did most musically chink.
Says one of the guests to their good landlord straight,
As we intend till morning here to wait,
Perhaps you can let us have a bed for two?"
"Yes, zartain zure!" the landlord soon exclaim'd,
"We have good beds of which we aren't ashamed;
Zo there is one, zur, for your friend and you."
"'Tis well!" then cries the gent, "twill do!
I hope no bugs will plague us, though?"
"No," says the landlord, with his buxom face,
"There's not a *single* bug in the whole place."
Thus satisfied, they 'gan to think
What they should have to eat and drink;
"Landlord," cries one, "late is the time;
My stomach doth to cupboard chime—
Something for supper must be got;
Say, landlord, can we have it hot?"
"No." "Then cold must do, in time of need
So that we have it, host, with speed."
"Odd, rot!" the landlord cries, "zome ham
We've tender, zur, as any lamb."
"Well, that will do, so let us have it soon,
For I'm as hungry, sir, as any roon."

The supper then did quickly come,
Which in their mouths soon found a home
Their wine they drank, then went to bed;
But soon, oh! they were fill'd with dread;
For soon as they did try to sleep—
Oh, dire mishap!
The bugs around their bodies 'gan to creep,
Their blood to lap!
Out of bed they jump'd with rage,
With their host a war to wage.
The bell they rang with vengeance dire;
They pulled as if they'd break the wire—
The landlord comes up with a bow,
The cause of all this noise to know.
"Rascal! are you not ashamed,"

Says he whose face with vengeance flamed,
"To show us to that filthy bed,
Where bugs all creep around our head?"
"Why zartain zure! odd rot! zur—"
"No, no excuse, you sneaking cur;
You rascal, you, did you not say
Not a *single* bug would plague us, eh?"
"Why, no more, zur, is there a single bug, odd rot!
They all be *married*, and *large families got*."

PETER SORGHUM IN LOVE.

A CAPITAL YANKEE STORY. ALF. BURNETT.

One day Sall fooled me; she heated the poker awful hot, then asked me to stir the fire. I seized hold of it mighty quick to oblige her, and dropped it quicker to oblige myself. Well, after the poker scrape, me and Sall only got on middlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to pop the question, for I loved her harder every day, and I had an idee she loved me or had a sneaking kindness for me. But how to do the thing up nice and rite pestered me orful. I bought some love books, and read how the fellers git down onter their knees and talk like poets, and how the girls would gently-like fall in love with them. But somehow or other that way didn't kinder suit my notion. I asked mam how she and dad courted, but she said it had been so long she had forgotten all about it. Uncle Jo said mam did all the courting.

At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was farely consumin' my mind; so I goes over to her dad's, and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinkin' how to begin. Sall seed somethin' was troublin' me, so she said, says she, "Ain't you sick, Peter?" She said this mity soft-like. "Yes! No!" sez I; "that is, I an't zackly well; I thought I'd come over to night," sez I. I tho't that was a mity

purty beginnin'; so I tried agin. "*Sall*," sez I—and by this time I felt kinder faintly about the stommuck, and shaky about the knees—"*Sall*," sez I. "*What?*" sez she. "*Sall*," sez I agin. "*What?*" sez she. I'll get to it arter a while at this rate, thinks I. "Peter," says she, "there's suthin' troublin' you; 'tis mighty wrong for you to keep it from a body, for an inard sorrer is a consumin' fire." She said this, *she did*, the sly critter. She knowed what was the matter all the time mighty well, and was only tryin' to fish it out, but I was so far gone I couldn't see the point. At last I sorter gulped down the big lump a risin' in my throat, and sez I, sez I, "Sall, do you love anybody?" "Well," sez she, "there's dad and mam," and a countin' of her fingers all the time, with her eyes sorter shet like a fellar shootin' off a gun, "and there's old Pide (that were their old cow,) and I can't think of anybody else just now," says she. Now, this was orful for a feller ded in love; so arter a while I tried another shute. Sez I, "Sall," sez I, "I'm powerful lonesome at home, and sometimes think if I only had a nice pretty wife, to love and talk to, move, and have my bein' with, I'd be a tremendous feller." Sez I, "Sall, do you know any gal would keer for me?" With that she begins, and names over all the gals for five miles around, and never once came nigh naming of herself, and sed I oughter git one of them. This sorter got my dander up, so I hitched my cheer up close to her, and shet my eyes and sed, "SALL, *you* are the *very* gal I've been hankering arter for a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole of your head to the crown of your foot, and I don't care who nos it, and if you say so we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of hemlock, Epluribusunum, world without end, amen!" sez I; and then I felt like I'd throwed up an alligator, I felt so relieved. With that she fetched a sorter screem, and arter a while sez, sez she, "PETER!" "What, Sally?" sez I. "YES!" sez she, a hidin' of her face behind her hands. You bet a heap I felt good. "Glory!

glory!" sez I, "I must holler, Sall, or I shall bust. Hooray for hooray! I can jump over a ten-rail fence!" With that I sot rite down by her and clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about yout blackberry jam; talk about your sugar and merlasses; you wouldn't a got me nigh 'em—they would all a been sour arter that. Oh, these gals! how good and bad, how high and low they do make a feller feel! If Sall's daddy hadn't sung out 'twas time all honest folks was abed, I'd a sot there two hours longer. You oughter have seen me when I got home! I pulled dad out of bed and hugged him! I pulled mam out of bed and hugged her! I pulled aunt Jane out of bed and hugged her. I larfed and hollered, crowed like a *rooster*, danced round there, and cut up more capers than you ever heerd tell on, till dad thought I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with. "*Dad*," sez I, "*I'm goin' to be married!*" "Married!" bawled dad. "Married!" squalled mam. "Married!" screamed aunt Jane. "Yes, married," sez I; "married all over, married for sure, married like a flash—joined in wedlock, hooked on for life, for worser or for better, for life and for death—to SALL! I *am* that very thing—me! Peter Sorghum ESQUIRE!"

With that I ups and tells 'em all about it from Alfer to Ermeger! They was all mighty well pleased, and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

TIM TUFF.

EDWARD CAPERN.

Did you ever hear tell of old Timothy Tuff,
And the bargain he struck with Sir Peregrine Muff?
If not, give an ear, and you'll very soon smile
At a very sharp trick of a cunning old file.
Our Tim was a very good fellow, they say,
For making a "deal" in his own sort of way;
So placid in manner, so smooth-tongued and civil,

That he seldom fell out with the very old "divil."
No matter whatever the business or job,
Or whether he cheated a beggar or "nob,"
His father or brother, or "dear cousin John,"
So long as he minded his great number one.
Tim's conscience, you see, seldom knew any twitches,
Since that was as tough as his buff leather breeches.
And now, peradventure, you'd like me to draw
His portrait, as Tim in the market I saw.
First, then, to begin, he had squinting pig's eyes,
A pug turn-up nose, and a mouth of huge size;
Not pleased with one chin, Timmy always showed two;
And the old wig he wore he once bought of a Jew—
At a very long credit, if rumor be true.
Now Tim was not short, and Tim was not tall,
No giant in girth, and yet not very small;
A very long coat 'neath a very broad hat,
And a waistcoat once black, but now snuffy and fat,
With a pair of old top-boots once worn by the squire,
Was the "rig" of bald Timmy, the puffer and liar.
Just a word about Timothy's trade: 'twas a robber,
Or something much like it, a run-about jobber.
When pigs were in danger of losing their life
Tim saved the poor creatures by using the knife;
And if an old "jibber" e'er fell in his way,
Tim "chopped" an old "kicker," and made his man pay.
No sheep, howe'er "cawded," no lean "skentered" cow,
('Tis true, I declare, what I'm telling you now,)
But turned him in cash as good mutton or beef,
And honest men sold all they could to the thief.

Sir Peregrine Muff was out riding one day,
On a sweet little pony, a dark colored bay;
With a sugar-loaf hat, and a vest of bright yellow,
And a pair of "white ducks," when he met with the fellow.
Tim saw, by Sir Peregrine's cut of the coat,
And the tufts that he wore on his chin, like a goat,
By the rings on his fingers, his necktie and pin,
That the dandy young swell was a thing to take in.
So, eyeing Sir Peregrine Muff for a while,

"Good mornin', yer honor," said Tim, with a smile.
Sir Peregrine made him a very low bow,
And asked him the price of his nwice wooking cwow.
"I'm twi'd of this pony," Sir Peregrine said,
"And I thwink I sha' kweep a mwilch cwow in his stwead.
What mwilk will she gwive neow a day, if I shwop?"
"Eight quarts," chuckled Tim, "ef he gees orra drop."
Sir Peregrine thought, as he looked at each feature,
That Crumple appeared such a beautiful creature,
He offered to give Tim the pony he strode
If he would but agree then and there on the road.
Tim's eyes, like the stars on a cold frosty night,
Soon twinkled with joy, and quoth he to the knight,
"'Tis hardly enu', yet ef off ee wull zlip,
And," greedily eyeing a silver-knobbed whip,
"Let me ha'e the bridle and zaddle to boot,
And the crittur is yours, and as cheap as the 'groot.'
And, zir, as ez want vor tu git alung quick,
Your whip'll du better, ez thinks, than a stick."
The bargain was struck, and away galloped Tim,
And laughed in his sleeve at Sir Peregrine's whim;
But as for the baronet, he, in his pride,
Was driving his cow when his maid he espied.
Sir Peregrine's brain, ever given to dream,
Was feasting away on rich visions of cream,
When thus to his dairymaid, "Ma-awy," said he,
"Aw vewy fwine cweature indweed, isn't she?
You'll mwilk her each mworn and you'll mwilk her each eve,
Take cware of her, Ma-awy, for neow I must leave."
"Gude lawks!" screamed the dairymaid; "zir, tez a *hox*."
"Dwear me," drawled Sir Peregrine; "hang the old fox."

THE ROMANCE OF NICK VAN STANN.

JOHN G. SAXE.

I cannot vouch my tale is true,
Nor say, indeed, 'tis wholly new;
But true or false, or new or old,
I think you'll find it fairly told.

A Frenchman, who had ne'er before
Set foot upon a foreign shore,
Weary of home, resolved to go
And see what Holland had to show.
He didn't know a word of Dutch,
But that could hardly grieve him much;
He thought, as Frenchmen always do,
That all the world could "parley-voo."
At length our eager tourist stands
Within the famous Netherlands,
And, strolling gaily here and there,
In search of something rich and rare,
A lordly mansion greets his eyes:
"How beautiful!" the Frenchman cries,
And, bowing to the man who sate
In livery at the garden gate,
"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,
Whose very charming grounds are these?
And, pardon me, be pleased to tell
Who in this splendid house may dwell?"
To which, in Dutch, the puzzled man
Replied what seemed like "Nick Van Stann."*
"Thanks!" said the Gaul; "the owner's taste
Is equally superb and chaste;
So fine a house, upon my word,
Not even Paris can afford.
With statues, too, in every niche;
Of course Monsieur Van Stann is rich,
And lives, I warrant, like a king—
Ah! wealth must be a charming thing!"

In Amsterdam the Frenchman meets
A thousand wonders in the streets,
But most he marvels to behold
A lady dressed in silk and gold;
Gazing with rapture on the dame,
He begs to know the lady's name,
And hears, to raise his wonder more,
The very words he heard before!

* Nicht verstann—I don't understand.

"Mercie!" he cries; "well, on my life,
Milord has got a charming wife;
'Tis plain to see, this Nick Van Stann
Must be a very happy man."

Next day our tourist chanced to pop
His head within a lottery shop,
And there he saw, with staring eyes,
The drawing of the mammoth prize.
"Ten millions! 'tis a pretty sum;
I wish I had as much at home:
I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner,
What lucky fellow is the winner?"
Conceive our traveler's amaze
To hear again the hackneyed phrase.
"What? no! not Nick Van Stann again?
Faith! he's the luckiest of men.
You may be sure we don't advance
So rapidly as that in France:
A house, the finest in the land;
A lovely garden, nicely planned;
A perfect angel of a wife,
And gold enough to last a life;
There never yet was mortal man
So blest as Monsieur Nick Van Stann!

Next day the Frenchman chanced to meet
A pompous funeral in the street;
And, asking one who stood close by
What nobleman had pleased to die,
Was stunned to hear the old reply.
The Frenchman sighed and shook his head,
"Mon Dieu! poor Nick Van Stann is dead;
With such a house, and such a wife,
It must be hard to part with life;
And then, to lose that mammoth prize—
He wins, and, pop—the winner dies!
Ah, well! his blessings came so fast,
I greatly feared they could not last;
And thus, we see, the sword of Fate
Cuts down alike the small and great.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION. DR. VALENTINE.

PRESIDENT—"Gentlemen, the question for debate this evening is, whether love is a passion of the heart or of the soul? I want the gentlemen to speak up so I can hear 'em, and to do all their sneezin' and coughin' before they begins, and every one blow his nose beforehand, so as he shan't stop to do it when he makes his speech; and here's my handkerchief for any one as hasn't got none. Mr. Cæsar Augustus Washington Snooks will open the debate."

SNOOKS—"Mr. President, we have come together this evening, as I take it, to come to a decision. I was one of the first members in it, and we did it to improve the mind; for, as Mr. Samuel Shakspear says, 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by the son of New York.' We expect this night, if we all have our health, to decide on the problemities of love, and tell where it lays and what is its symptoms. And just as the President says, so it shall be, whether it's in the heart, or in the soul, or in the heel. If he says so, it shall be so, and because why—why you see because it shall—

"This is a very important subject we are goin' to decide, and the opinion of this Society will go forth to the world like the signers of the Declaration of Independence. And in after life, when our locks are in the yellow leaf, we may look back with pride on this evening; and people in the land, now abed, will hold our names dog-cheap. And I go in for love being in the heart, cause I was once in love myself, and I swow my heart felt jest like a shot partridge, and I couldn't felt worse if I'd lost a whip-lash, and so I stick to it, love is in the heart, and when I put my foot down, you can't move me more than you can a stun fence, and when my mind's made up, I'm jest like the stately

pine, with its green tops waving to and fro in the breezes of heaven."

PRESIDENT—"Mr. Archibald Squirels will please to get up next."

SQUIRELS—"Mr. President, I don't purtend to be nothin' very great on a speech, but I can lick that feller's argument jest as dry as a chip, and that jest as easy too, as a dog can lick his ear. He sticks to it that love's in the heart, but that don't make it so, cause I knowed a gal named Sal Saspan that stuck to it that love was in the feet, for she said jest as quick as she fell in love her feet begun to swell, and she had to put mustard-plasters on 'em to draw it out. So that jest kills his shot partridge all to smash; and here's another thing, when a feller's ugly to his gal and won't take her out a sleigh-ridin', she tells him he an't got no soul. There was a case of that kind 'curred last spring: it was Mr. Pippin's daughter was courted by Jones, the barber's clerk's assistant, for upwards of three weeks, and because he wouldn't put her in a sleigh and take her down to her aunt Peggy's, on the Four Corners, she up and telled him he had no more soul than would lay on the p'int of a needle. Now, if he can box the compass and cap the needle, I'll gin in; but I see Mr. Goosberry is wantin' to speak, so I'll sit right down and gin him a chance, and I hope we shall decide this p'int in a way to satisfy all by-gone generations. But I considers, Mr. President, that Mr. Snooks' argument is just about as small as a half cent cut in two."

PRESIDENT—"Now, gentlemen, you'll be as silent as possible, and leave off eating peanuts, for Mr. Goosberry is going to speak."

MR. GOOSBERRY—"Mr. President, when the far-reaching eye of science grasped the spectre of power and sat enthroned upon the pyramids of Rome—when the acuteness of the Herculean ages that are past was put to rest by the sombre shadows of the printing press—then it was that the

age of chivalry submerged itself from the dark expanse, and love was beating in the bosom of the Western world. It is perfectly clear to me, Mr. President, that love, like the bird of Jove when he towers into the cærulean atmosphere and pounces on his prey—that if this bird of Jove could look with his piercing eye into the hearts of men and women, he would see love perched on the apex of the human bosom.

"Mr. Squirels has told you of Pippin's daughter; but, sir, he has got to prove that she was in love with Mr. Jones. I respect Mr. Jones, and have frequently been shaved at the shop of his master. But, sir, it is a problem which futurity must solve, whether a gentleman whose business it is to compound lather, shave his customers, and hang wigs on the outer walls of his master's shop, was capable of inspiring love in the heart of Pippin's daughter.

"Sir, I have done; let me be correctly reported; nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice. I am confident what I have said will have a solemn effect upon the mind of the President, and will be like the torrents of a stagnant pool, that shakes the earth to its centre. For as that beautiful Poet has it in his Paradise Lost:

> "'Cupidum abidum in heartum,
> Et solum obsquatulandum sunt.'"

PRESIDENT—"Mr. Clutterclump will please to speak next."

CLUTTERCLUMP—"Mr. Pr-Pr-President, as I understand it, the qu-qu-question is this evening w-we-whether love is in the so-so-soul or in the heart, and aw-aw-awl I've got to say is, th-th-that we-we-whether love is in th-the soul or in the h-h-heart, it makes very little odds, for I was in l-l-l-love once myself, and I felt it all over me, from the cr-cr-crown of my foot to-to the soul of my head, and it was a-a-a-as strong as brandy and sw-sw-sweet as lass-

es, and so I g-g-g-go in for b-b-b-both sides of the qu-qu-question."

PRESIDENT—"Well, now, I believe all the gentlemen has spoke on the two sides of the question, besides Mr. Clutterclump that spoke on both sides. In the first place Mr. Snooks remarked that now is the winter of our discontent; now that's very true, and when a man tells me what's true once I can believe him agin'. But then Mr. Squirels don't agree with him, and I can't think of siding agin' Mr. Squirels', case he buys all his goods at my shop. Then comes Mr. Goosberry, and it was wonderful to hear him talk about the eagle, and the pyramids, and the Western world, as was discovered by Christofer Columbus. I've got a geography hum that's got it all in; as for Mr. Clutterclump, he goes in for both sides, and says love is all over the body. Now, I stand here to decide something that's been held in dispute ever since the Christian era, and that was long before the New Era was printed. Now gentlemen, this question is got to be decided one way or the other, so we'll settle it by chuckin' up a cent. Who's got a *red cent?*"

The cent was tossed, which decided in favor of the heart, and so ended this learned debate.

DEACON STOKES.

THOMAS QUILP.

There once lived one Asa Stokes,
One of those men whom everything provokes,
A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
Ill-natured kind of being;
He was the deacon of the parish,
And had the overseeing
Of some small matters, such as the ringing
Of the church-bell, and took the lead in singing.

Well, Deacon Stokes had gone to bed, one night,
About eleven or before,

'Twas in December, if my memory's right, in '24.
'Twas cold enough to make a Russian shiver;
I think I never knew one
Colder than this—in faith it was a blue one!
As by the almanac foretold, 'twas
A real Lapland night. Oh dear! how cold 'twas!

There was a chap about there named Ezekiel,
A clever, good-for-nothing fellow,
Who very often used to get quite mellow,
Of whom the Deacon always used to speak ill,
For he was fond of cracking jokes
On Deacon Stokes, to show on
What terms he stood among the women folks, and so on.

It came to pass that on the night I speak of,
Ezekiel left the tavern bar-room, where
He spent the evening, for the sake of
Drowning his care, by partaking
Of the merry-making and enjoyment
Of some good fellows there, whose sole employment
Was, all kinds of weather, on every night,
By early candle light, to get together
Reading the papers, smoking pipes and chewing,
Telling long yarns, and pouring down the ruin.

Pretty well corned, and up to anything,
Drunk as a lord, and happy as a king,
Blue as a razor, from his midnight revel,
Nor fearing muskets, women, or the devil,
With a light heart—much lighter than a feather—
With a light soul that spurned the freezing weather,
And with a head ten times as light as either,
And a purse, perhaps, as light as all together,
On went Ezekiel, with a great expansion
Of thought, until he brought
Up at a post before the Deacon's mansion.

With one arm around the post, awhile he stood
In thoughtful mood, with one eye turned
Up toward the window where, with feeble glare,
A candle burned;

Then with a serious face, and a grave, mysterious
Shake of the head, Ezekiel said—
(His right eye once more thrown upon the beacon
That from the window shone,) "I'll start the Deacon!"

Rap, rap, rap, rap, went Deacon Stokes's knocker,
But no one stirred; rap, rap, it went again;
"By George, it must be after ten, or
They must take an early hour for turning in."
Rap, rap, rap, rap—"My conscience, how they keep
A fellow waiting—patience, how they sleep!"

The Deacon then began to be alarmed,
And in amazement threw up the casement;
And with cap on head, of fiery red,
Demanded what the cause was of the riot,
That thus disturbed his quiet.

"Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes," replied
The voice below. "Well, sir, what is the matter?"
"Quite chilly, Deacon; how your teeth do chatter!"
"You vagabond, a pretty time you have chosen
To show your wit; for I am almost frozen;
Be off, or I will put the lash on!"
"Why, bless you, Deacon, don't be in a passion!"
'Twas all in vain to speak again,
For with the Deacon's threat about the lash,
Down went the sash.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, the knocker went again,
And neither of them was a very light rap;
Thump, thump, against the door went Ezekiel's cane,
And that once more brought Deacon Stokes's night-cap.

"Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night!"
"Begone, you vile, insolent dog, or I'll
Give you a warming that shall serve you right;
You villain, it is time to end the hoax!"
"Why, bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes,
Don't be so cross when I've come here, in this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,

For your advice upon a very difficult and nice
Question. Now, bless you, do make haste and dress you."

"Well, well, out with it, if it must be so;
Be quick about it, I'm very cold."
"Well, Deacon, I don't doubt it;
In a few words the matter can be told.
Deacon, the case is this: I want to know
If this cold weather lasts all summer here—
What time will green peas come along next year?"

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

H. W. BEECHER.

How bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption. The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet

speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It *was* your son: but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he *was* yours: he *is* ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by-and-by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! sit not in darkness, nor sorrow whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love

in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

RICHARD COE.

"Chaplain, I am dying, dying;
Cut a lock from off my hair,
For my darling mother, chaplain,
After I am dead, to wear;
Mind you, 'tis for mother, chaplain,
She whose early teachings now
Soothe and comfort the poor soldier
With the death-dew on his brow!

"Kneel down, now, beside me, chaplain,
And return my thanks to Him
Who so good a mother gave me;
Oh, my eyes are growing dim!
Tell her, chaplain, should you see her,
All at last with me was well;
Through the valley of the shadow
I have gone, with Christ to dwell!

'Do not weep, I pray you, chaplain;
Yes, ah! weep for mother dear;
I'm the only living son, sir,
Of a widow'd mourner here;

Mother! I am going, going
To the land where angels dwell;
I commend you unto Jesus:
Mother darling—fare you well!"

Downward from their thrones of beauty
Look'd the stars upon his face;
Upward on the wings of duty
Sped the angel of God's grace,
Bearing through the heavenly portal,
To his blessed home above,
The dead soldier's soul immortal,
To partake of Christ's sweet love.

Far away, in humble cottage,
Sits his mother, sad and lone;
And her eyes are red with weeping,
Thinking of her absent son;
Suddenly Death's pallid presence
Cast a shadow o'er her brow;
Smiling a sweet smile of welcome,
She is with her loved ones now!

THE YANKEE FIRESIDE.

A CELEBRATED YANKEE RECITATION.

YANKEE HILL.

I need not occupy your time by describing minutely what I mean by a Yankee fireside. It is sufficient to say that it consists of one of those old-fashioned fire-places where they use the wood without splitting or sawing, and throw on from a quarter to a half cord of wood at a time; and where there is sufficient room under the jams for a dozen little children to sit down and warm their little feet before going to bed.

It was at one of these firesides that I happened to drop in on a cold winter's night, and witnessed the scene I am about to relate.

The heads of the family were a Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who were honored that evening with a visit from a plain sort of a man, who told me, in course of conversation, that he teached school in winter, and hired out in haying time. What this man's name was, I don't exactly recollect. It might have been Smith; and for conveniency's sake we will call his name *John Smith*. This Mr. Smith brought a newspaper with him, which was printed weekly—which Mr. Jones said, as it did not agree with his politics, was a very weakly *consarn*.

Mr. Jones was seated on one side of an old pine table, and Mr. Smith on the other. Mrs. Jones sat knitting in one corner, and the children under the fire-place—some cracking nuts, others whittling sticks, &c. Mr. Jones, after perusing the paper for some time, observed to Mrs. Jones, "My dear."

MRS. JONES.—"Well."

MR. J.—"It appears—"

MRS. J.—"Well, go on."

MR. J.—"I say it appears—"

MRS. J.—"Well, law souls! I heard it; go on."

MR. J.—"I say it appears from a paragraph—"

MRS. J.—"Well, it don't appear as if you are ever goin' to make it appear."

MR. J.—"I say it appears from a paragraph in this paper—"

MRS. J.—"There! there you go agin! Why on airth, Jones, don't you out with it?"

MR. J.—"I say it appears from a paragraph in this paper that—"

MRS. J.—"Well, I declare, Jones, you are enough to tire the patience of Job! Why on airth don't you out with it?"

MR. J.—"Mrs. Jones, will you be quiet? If you get my dander up, I'll raise Satan round this house, and you know it tue. Mr. Smith, you must excuse me; I'm 'bliged

to be a little peremptory to my wife; for if you wasn't here, she'd lick me like all natur'. Well, as I said, it appears from this paper that Seth Slope—you know'd Seth Slope, that used to be round here."

MRS. J.—"Yes, well, go on; out with it."

MR. J.—"You know he went on a whalin' voyage."

MRS. J.—"Yes, well?"

MR. J.—"Well, it appears he was setting on the starn of the vessel, when the vessel give a lee lurch, and he was knocked overboard, and hain't written to his friends since."

MRS. J.—"La, souls!—you don't say."

Before going farther, I will endeavor to give you some idea of Seth Slope. He was what they term down east, a poor shote; his principal business was picking up chips, feeding the hogs, &c. I will represent him with this hat. (*Puts on an old hat.*)

"Mrs. Jones says I don't know nothin', and Mr. Jones says I don't know nothin'—(*laughs*)—and everybody says I don't know nothin'; and I say I *do* know nothin.—(*laughs.*) Don't I pick up all the chips to make a fire?—And—and don't I feed the hogs, and the ducks, and the hens?—(*laughs.*) And don't I go down to the store every mornin' for a jug o' rum? And don't I always take a good suck myself? I don't know nothin'—ha!—(*laughs.*) And don't I go to church every Sunday, and don't I go up stairs? and when the folks gets asleep, don't I throw corn at 'em, and wake 'em up? And don't I see the fellers winkin' at the gals, and the gals winkin' at the fellers? And don't I go home and tell the old folks? And when they come home, don't the old folks kick up gooseberry with 'em?—(*laughs.*) And don't I drive the hogs out of the garden to keep 'em from rootin' up the taters? And don't I git asleep there sometimes, and don't they root *me* up?—(*laughs.*) And didn't I see a fly on Deacon Stokes' red nose t'other day, and didn't I say, 'Take care, Deacon

Stokes, you'll burn his feet!' I don't know nothin' eh?" (*laughs.*)

This Mrs. Jones I have spoken of was a very good sort of a woman; and Mr. Jones was also considered a very good sort of a man—but was rather fond of the bottle. On one occasion I recollect particularly he had been to a muster, and came home so much intoxicated that he could hardly stand, and was obliged to lean against the chimney-place to prevent himself from falling. And Mrs. Jones says to him:—"Now, Jones, ain't you ashamed of yourself?—Where on airth do you think you'd go to if you was to die in that sitewation?"

JONES—(*very drunk*)—"Well, I don't know where I should go to; but I shouldn't go fur without I could go faster than I do now."

As soon as Mr. Jones had finished the paragraph in the paper, Mrs. Jones threw on her shawl and went over to her neighbors to communicate the news. I will endeavor to give a better idea of this Mrs. Jones by assuming a shawl and cap.—(*Puts on shawl and cap.*)

"Well, Mrs. Smith, I 'spose you hain't heard the news." "La, no! What on airth is it?" "You recollect Seth Slope, that use to be about here?" "Yes, well?" "You know he went out on a whalin' voyage?" "Yes." "Well, it appears from an advartisment in the paper that he was settin' on the starn of the vessel, when the vessel give a lee lurch, and he was sent overboard and drowned, and hain't written to his friends since. Oh, dear! it's dreadful to think on. Poor crittur! he was sich a good-natured, clever soul. I recollect when he was about here, how he use to come in the house and set down, and get up and go out. Then he'd go down to the barn, and throw some hay to the critters, and then he'd come in the house agin, and git up and go out, and go down to the store and git a jug of rum, and sometimes he'd take a leetle suck on't himself. But lor

souls! I never cared nothin' at all about that. Good, clever critter! Then arter he'd come back with the rum, he'd sit down a little while, and git up and go out and pick up chips, and drive the hogs out of the garden; and then he'd come in the house, and kick over the swill-pail, and set down and stick his feet over the mantel-piece, and whittle all over the harth, and spit tobacco-juice all over the carpet, and blow his nose in the buckwheat cakes, and make himself *so sociable!* And poor feller! now he's gone! Oh, dear! Well, Mrs. Smith, it goes to show that we are all accountable *critturs!*"

THE SUICIDAL CAT.

AN AFFECTING TALE. ANONYMOUS.

There lived a man named Ferguson,
He lived on Market street,
He had a speckled Thomas cat
That couldn't well be beat;
He'd catch more rats and mice, and sich,
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
And climb upon a cheer,
And there he'd set and lick hisself,
And purr so awful queer,
That Ferguson would yell at him—
But still he purred severe.

And then he'd climb the moon-lit fence,
And loaf around and yowl,
And spit and claw another cat
Alongside of the jowl;
And then they both would shake their tails
And jump around and howl.

Oh, this here cat of Ferguson's
Was fearful then to see;

He'd yell precisely like he was
In awful agony;
You'd think a first-class stomach-ache
Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,
Waked by the horrid din,
Would rise right up and search their babes
To find some worrying pin;
And still this viperous cat would keep
A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Ferguson,
'Twas more than he could bear,
And so he hurled his boot-jack out
Right through the midnight air;
But this vociferous Thomas cat,
Not one cent did he care.

For still he yowled and kept his fur
A standin' up on end,
And his old spine a doublin' up
As far as it would bend,
As if his hopes of happiness
Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of his spine,
And waitin' to attack
A cat upon the other fence,
There come an awful crack;
And this here speckled Thomas cat
Was busted in the back.

When Ferguson came home next day,
There lay his old feline,
And not a life was left in him,
Although he had had nine.
"All this here comes," said Ferguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine."

Now all you men whose tender hearts
This painful tale does rack,

Just take this moral to yourselves,
All of you, white and black;
Don't ever go, like this here cat,
To gettin' up your back.

THE SON'S WISH.

ANONYMOUS.

A wealthy old father had three grown-up sons,
Two of them steady, the youngest was wild;
He drank and he gamed, and was thought but a dunce,
A care and a cost to his sire from a child.

The father was dying, the sons were called,
And the old man addressed them one after the other,
Saying, "Tom, you are the oldest, and always have been
A dutiful son—so has Edward, your brother.

"But as for you, Richard—however, no more,
I am worse at the sight of you, there as you stand;
You will find by my will, Tom, that I've given o'er
To you, as my heir, all my houses and land.

"To my second son, Edward, my money I've given,
My furniture, carriages, horses, and pelf."
"Alas, my dear father," they both cried, "by heaven,
We hope you may live to enjoy it yourself."

Then turning to Richard, the old father said,
In a voice from his sufferings beginning to falter:
"You are not forgotten, you'll find, when I'm dead,
I've left you a shilling to purchase a halter.

"You was born for my sorrow, as well as your mother's;
The price of a rope is the whole of your wealth."
"Alas, sir!" cried Dick, in the tone of his brothers,"
"*God grant you may live to enjoy it yourself.*"

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